

# SONGS OF GLADNESS AND GROWTH

JAMES L. HUGHES



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200	N o! I rejoice for triumphs won.	Comrade are ye then of mine.
201	Have not Life's struggles wearied	KEEP ye the strong heart of youth?
	you? N o! they revealed new work to	Dare ye to do noble deeds?
	do.	See ye your vision of truth?
	Do you not fear the long dark night?	Go ye wherever it leads?
	N o! I await the coming light.	Drop ye the burdens of woe?
	Surely some dread the future mars:—	Bear ye life's joys in your breast?
	No! Hope and Faith can see the stars.	Wave ye hope's flag as ye go?
	I THANK THEE.	Climb ye each day towards the crest?
	J THANK Thee for the power to keep	Strive ye to conquer all fear?
	alive	Help ye your brother who needs?
	Fresh memories of beauty and of joy,	Give ye faith's hand-clasp to cheer?
	And weave into the fabric of my life	Heal ye the sad heart that bleeds?
	The dreams that thrilled me when a hap-	Work ye to bring in the light?—
	py boy.	Look ye new beauty to see?
	I thank Thee for the magic touch of	Fight ye for freedom and right?
	those	Hope ye the victor to be?
	Who kindled self-hood to a brighter	Grow ye as life passes by?
	glow,	Trust ye the Father Divine?
	Who opened windows that great truths	See ye new stars in your sky?
	might shine	Comrade are ye then of mine.
	Into my soul, and start my best to grow.	SKIES.
	I thank Thee for the epoch days of	AWAY in the east in the early dawn
	life:— When love's sweet ecstasy	I see the gray mists, as the sun shines
	brought Heaven near, When vital faith	through,
	in elf and right grew strong, When vi-	But soon from the valley the mist have
	sion widened and made duty clear.	gone,
	I thank Thee for achieving tendency,	And all the wide sky is an arch of blue;
	To think, to plan, but best of all, to do	Till over the blue in the golden noon
	The things I plan, that each new plan	I watch the cloud fairies go floating by,
	achieved	And dream, as I lie on the hill in June;—
	May be an upward step to clearer view.	The sky of the past is a radiant sky.
	I thank Thee for the buoyant wings of	The sky of the present is often gray,
	hope,	And sometimes is darkened by rolling
	And for the power of conscious growth	cloud,
	towards	VVhen shadows of sorrow obscure my
	Thee,--	way,
	For all the progress that mankind has	And terror is roused by the thunder
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loud;  
But darkness soon passes, and skies  
grow clear,  
And life with new glory is kindled then;  
And rainbows of hope on the mountains  
cheer

My heart as I start for the crest again.

My sky of the future is ever bright  
With faith in the growth of the coming  
years, When vision achieved for the  
true and right

Shall moisten my eyes with exultant  
tears:— And ever the brightest my life  
can know

I feel in my heart, as the sun goes  
down, And through the tall hemlocks  
the afterglow

Shines yellow, and purple, and red,  
and brown.

THE  
NEW EARTH AND HEAVEN.  
SPoREs on the fern frond's back,  
Dust specks you seem to be,  
Till through a microscope  
Clusters of pearls I see.

Stars of the winter night,  
Mere spots of feeble glow,  
Millions of miles away,  
You are great suns, I know.

Perfect are all Thy works,  
Maker of earth and sky,

When I can see aright  
With comprehending eye.

New earth and heaven may mean  
Simply a change in me.

Glory exists; I need  
Power to truly see.

PROGRESS.  
Suggested by the painting,  
"Progress," by Mr. G. F. Watts.

UP where the glow of the light di-  
vine,  
Ever continues to brightly shine,  
Bearing aloft his triumphal bow  
Progress rides onward o'er men below.

Down on the earth are the men whose  
eyes  
Never are turned towards the shining  
skies;

Those who are blind to the radiant glow  
God reveals ever, that men may grow.

Indolence lies on the ground, and  
makes

Never an effort to rise, but takes

Selfish enjoyment of sense alone;

Vision and wisdom alike unknown.

One with a heart that is hard and cold,  
Rakes with his fingers in muck for gold;  
Wealth has supplanted the dreams of  
youth, Friendship, and hope, and the  
love of truth.

One reads a book in dim candle light,  
Falsely believing knowledge is might;  
Searching the past with a weary eye,  
Missing the glow of the golden sky.

One sees the light, and is born anew;  
Gets a clear vision of work to do;

Rises to start on his upward climb  
Knowing that life should be made sub-  
lime.

Sluggard, and miser, and student, too,  
Lose the rich glory of higher view. ' Vi-  
sion is greater than knowledge or gold.  
See! And your vision for men unfold.

LIFE is power to see new beauty  
In the common things,  
In the ever-changing pictures  
That each season brings.

Life is power to hear the music  
Of the waving trees,  
And to understand the message  
Borne upon the breeze.

Life is power to feel the glory  
Of the dawning sun,  
And of sky's supernal painting,  
When the day is done.

Life is power to smile, when sorrow  
Comes our joy to blight;  
Hopeful for a happy morrow  
With a cheering light.

Life is power to stand serenely  
In the fiercest blast,  
Waiting with undaunted courage  
Till the storm is past.

Life is power to climb securely  
Up the mountain side  
With our vision ever clearer,  
And our view more wide.

Life is power to help my brother With  
his hand in mine,  
As we struggle onward, upward To-  
wards the light Divine.

Life is power to love supremely  
Till my soul is free,  
And the universe responsive  
Whispers love to me.

I CANNOT LOSE.

I CANNOT lose the rapture  
The bird song brought to me,

With its enchanting sweetness

And note of mystery.

I cannot lose the music,  
When winds through the tall pine  
Brought the heart song of Nature  
And poured it into mine.

I cannot lose the glory  
Of waking life at dawn,  
Nor the transcendent beauty  
Of sky when day is gone.

I cannot lose the grandeur  
That thrilled me with delight,  
When first I saw the mountains  
Rise in majestic height.

I cannot lose the splendor  
Of moonlight on the sea,  
Turning to gold the wave crests,  
As on they rolled to me.

I cannot lose the message  
Of that great vital hour  
That kindled in the gloaming  
New faith, new hope, new power.

MY HEMLOCKS.  
RUGGED you stood near the crown  
of the hill;

Long in your shadows I sat by the  
stream  
Reverently, till I felt a new thrill  
Sweep through my heart, and awoke  
from my dream.

"Hemlocks, I love you," I said. I  
still hear Winds singing softly your an-  
swer to me; Down through your branch-  
es your loye-song comes clear,  
Promising ever my lover to be.

In my great temple of mystical joy  
You were the pillars, and under your  
arms  
Life revelations were brought to the  
boy,

Rich in rare beauty and hallowing  
charms.

I did not know I was worshipping  
there;

I was not conscious of power Divine;  
I sang no anthems; I uttered no  
prayer;  
But a new spirit gave vision to mine.

In your wide aisles I first felt the  
warm glow

Of my deep heart love responding  
through you  
To the true heart throb of Nature; and  
lo!

All the wide universe more vital grew.  
Sacred your temple forever will be;



Thrilled by your love spell my heart  
kindles yet'

Memory brings back your magic to me;  
Hemlocks, I love you! I'll never forget.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS WITH  
YOU.

YoU stand beside me on the moun-  
tain cret;

The ice peaks yonder catch the radi-  
ant glow Of sunset beauty in the golden  
west, And paint it on the limpid lake be-  
low.

I dream that you are here to share my  
view;

I am above the clouds, dear friend, with  
you.

Sit here with me and watch the dis-  
tant heights

Blush pink and purple, as the sun goes  
down,

While far below a thousand gleaming  
lights

Reveal the outline of the busy town.

Come live the happy days of youth  
anew,

Till hope grows strong above the  
clouds with you.

And when in vaulted sky the bright  
stars shine,

Visions will come of grander heights to  
climb;

Into our lives will shine a light Divine  
Revealing service to make life sublime,

For on the mountain top all life seems  
true

IN LUCERNE.

"Shut up with God among His moun-  
tains." —Mrs. Browning.

THIS is our universe, Life Supreme!  
Mountain, and river, and lake, and glen

Form the whole earth, as I sit with  
Thee

Here in the valley—a child again.

We are alone in our universe;

Open my heart is to-day to Thee; Fill  
it with glory and majesty,

Teach the true meaning of life to me.

Great are Thy mountains, but as Thy  
child,

I am still greater. Thy power is mine,

If I believe that true life must be

Growth, conscious growth, towards  
the life divine.

Grateful am I for this vision clear,

Vision of duty and faith sublime:—

Trustingly up to life's mountain top  
Hand in Thy hand, I shall ever climb.

HARMONY.

LIST to the sweetest strains

Of bird songs in the spring,

Telling the hills and plains,

How good is everything.

And learn what I would tell,

Could I but sing as well.

Watch Nature's wondrous powers

Of life and growth in May

Make fields, and trees, and flowers

More beautiful each day;

And learn the truth, that so

We may forever grow.

We see in silent awe The stars, the  
moon, the sun,

In harmony with law,

Their courses truly run;—

Law-guided, life should be

In perfect harmony.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I GAvE her fresh violets long ago,

As blue as the sky above,—

And to them I tied with a ribbon bow

A boy's simple note of love.

"These violets bring you my heart," it  
said;

She read it and blushed till her cheeks  
grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew  
past

Before I returned, and then

The call of my home-land grew  
strong at last

To see my old friends again.

The church door was open. I went in-  
side,

And learned that my violet girl had  
died.

I found in her Bible the dry, pressed  
flowers,

There, too, was the note signed "Jim";

And as I remembered youth's love-lit  
hours,

My eye with a mist grew dim.

I knew that the love she had never  
told,

Had lived through the years, and had  
not grown cold.

THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD.

THE little grass-grown graveyard  
crowned

The maple-shaded hill,

Beside the winding country road,

Beyond the old red mill—

I entered through the open gate  
With reverential thrill.

I rambled through the quiet paths  
And on the stones I read

In tender, loving, hopeful words

The records of the dead;

Rejoiced to find a restful place,  
Where good alone was said.

I knelt beside a little stone,

I pushed the grass away,

And read her name, her age at death,  
The year, the month, the day.

"She was so pleasant"—that was all  
Her record had to say.

THEIR LOVERS.

THEY sat by the sea on a still June  
night,

And dreamed of the past in the soft  
moonlight; Two women of seventy  
years or more

Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's  
shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the  
mystic hour Soon mellowed their hearts  
by its magic power; The gates of their  
lives opened wide, and then Their joys  
and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away  
VVith Lee to the war on her wedding  
day;

And how she hoped on through the  
tragic years, Till bravely he died, and  
left only tear.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly  
said,

"I think that my lover, like yours, is  
dead;

The lover I dreamed of but never  
knew,

He must have been killed in the great  
war, too."

THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY.

LET us take a ride on the long swamp  
road;

It is forty years to-night

Since we drove there first from the old  
brown church

In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving  
arms

In a dress of fleecy snow,

And the hemlocks grand from the hill  
looked down

On the wondrous world below.



Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,  
And the earth grew strangely new,  
As my whole life glowed with the thought sublime,  
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant  
By the soul's rich overflow;  
When the strong, clear light of youth's-sacred fire  
In my heart began to glow.

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,  
Till a few great words we said;  
And the rhythmic glory of love's beat  
With the wind-song overhead.

I can see the stars as they twinkled through  
'The old trees above us then;  
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet  
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road  
For another ride to-night;  
For the sweetest birthday of human power  
Is when love first shines its light.

THE CEDAR SPRAY.  
I WALKED in the woods on the heights by the sea  
One day in October.  
The lady with me

Was winsome and charming, discreet and serene,  
With bearing majestic and look of a queen.  
The beautiful tints on the trees filled her soul,  
She spoke with delight of the sea's graceful roll;

I knew that I loved her, and longed to declare  
My love, but I could not; my heart would not dare.  
I gave her a spray from a young cedar tree,  
And I told her I hoped that it ever would be

A symbol of friendship between her and me.  
She graciously thanked me—and looked at the sea.  
She seemed to belong to a sphere far above;  
I felt it was useless to hope for her

love;  
But I knew that to love her would bless me, though she  
From love and its magic would ever be free.

We sat on a rock till the afterglow came,  
And turned the blue sea to a glorified flame;  
Then homeward we walked, till she said in dismay:  
"I've lost it! I've lost it, my beautiful spray."

Her words and her manner, her face and her tone  
Revealed that her heart beat in tune with my own. \_  
Ve found it. She kissed it. Her gladness I shared;  
I knew her sweet secret, and joyfully dared.

REVISITING.  
THE house was yonder, the old mill there,  
The arbor here by the singing stream,  
Wild vines around it, and flowers fair;  
I see them yet, as I sit and dream.

'Twas here I sat as the sun sank low,  
That eve with Jean, when the sacred joy of love first came  
in the afterglow  
To wake the heart of a happy boy. \_

Oh! fair-haired Jean, with your kind blue eye!  
Your soft, low voice as it whispered "Yes,"  
Brought message new from the earth and sky,  
That evermore will have power to bless.

Long years have passed since that epoch hour;  
The house is gone and the old red mill;  
But love shines on with enriching power  
To stir my life with its first sweet thrill.

WHY DO YOU SING?  
BOBOLINK, why do you sing so well,  
Flying so high?  
I have a story of love to tell  
To earth and sky;

Life is so beautiful now in Spring,  
What can I do but be glad and sing?  
Beauty of flowers and blooming trees,  
Sunshine so bright,  
Perfume of clover on balmy breeze,  
Make my heart light.

Joy bells of glory and gladness ring  
Deep in my heart, so I have to sing.  
Tenderly watching my loving mate  
Down on her nest;

Cheering her while she must sit and wait  
Till we are blest;  
Soaring above her on hopeful wing,  
What can I do but be glad and sing?

"POOR LITTLE STONE."  
THE loyal blacksmith's blood was stirred  
To see the foe at Lundy's Lane;—  
He hastened to the battle field,  
But bade his boy at home remain;  
Yet when amid the battle's strife  
His blue-eyed son stood by his side,  
And said: "I've come to fight with you,"  
His patriot heart was filled with pride.

"You have your mother's heart," he said,  
"She'd bless you, could she see you here:—"  
Love for a moment waked the past,  
But duty dried the starting tear;  
For louder grew the din of war,  
Fiercer the foemen's bold attack,  
And stronger still the stern resolve  
Of British hearts to drive them back.

The father and his noble lad  
Throughout the day fought side by side,  
Till in the twilight hour the boy  
Fell in his father's arms and died.  
Then when the battle storm had passed,  
And victory was surely won,  
The father dug himself the grave  
In which to lay his gallant son.

And on the field he found and cut  
With his own hand this humble stone;  
And well it mark the sacred spot,  
For stone and hero were his own.  
Gall it not "poor"! No quarried shaft  
Of rarest marble ever gave  
A sweeter message to the world  
Above a sleeping hero's grave.

These rudely-chiselled letters show  
No trace of sculptor's studied art;  
But each word truly represents  
The sorrow of a father's heart.  
Yea, more! They tell of tenderness,  
And loving pride, because his son,  
Fearless and loyal, bravely fought,  
And shared with him the triumph won.

"I AM LARGER THAN I



THOUGHT.” --Walt Whitman.

LIFE uplifting revelation!  
Greatest lesson ever taught!  
Hopeful, kindling inspiration!  
“I am larger than I thought.”

“Thou art mindful of me!” Surely  
That should keep my life aglow  
With the faith that leads securely,  
As I onward, upward go.

Why should I be weak or fearful?  
In Thine image I was made;  
I will work in sunshine, cheerful,  
As Thy partner, undismayed.

Trusting in Thy power, in meekness  
I will songs triumphant sing,  
Conscious of my strength—not  
weakness,  
For I represent the King.

I shall grow forever nearer  
To the Father Heart Divine;  
With life vision ever clearer,  
For the universe is mine.  
THE BOY’S STORY.

“The boy’s story is the best that was  
ever told.”—Mr.s’.

WONDERFUL story is yours, dear  
boy,  
The best that was ever told;

Story of peace and of endless joy,  
And life that does not grow old;  
Story of loved ones who never die,  
And justice that never ends;

Story of men with a purpose high;  
Story of faithful friends;  
Story of lands where all days are  
bright,

Where no one is ever poor;

Story of men who for truth and right  
Stand fast with devotion pure.

Life may not be what in youth it  
seems,  
Dreams may not all come true;

But ’twill be sweeter because your  
dreams  
Will still be a part of you.

Beautiful visions of boyhood days  
Deep down in your heart live on,

Clearing your sky so that Hope’s  
bright ray

May shine as in youth they shone

“IT IS GOOD TO BE A CHILD  
AGAIN.”

—Dickens.

To be a child again is good,  
To walk with father in the wood,

And hear him tell in simple words  
Of trees, and ferns, and flowers, and  
birds;

Or hear my mother’s voice, as she  
Told fairy tales, or sang to me,  
Or see her face with love a-light  
Beside my little bed at night.  
’Tis good to be a child again,  
And ramble in my shady glen,  
Or paddle in my crystal stream,  
Or sit upon its bank and dream,  
Or watch the squirrels leaping free  
From branch to branch, from tree to  
tree,

Or listen to the thrush’s tune,  
Or bobolink’s love song in June.  
’Tis good again a child to be,  
A waking, kindling child, to see  
New beauty ev’ry passing hour  
In changing cloud or growing flower;  
New glory on the earth and sky;  
New wonders ever asking “Why?”  
New outlook with a clearer view;  
New plans to make, new work to do.

THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END  
OF THE RAINBOW.

YoU may gather golden treasure  
At a fearful cost;

I have gold beneath the rainbow  
That cannot be lost.

You may keep your gold securely,  
Safe behind your bars;  
Bars cannot contain my fortune,  
For I own the stars.

When I climb to reach the rainbow,  
It may not be there;

But the climbing gives me vision  
In the purer air.

When I see the rainbow higher,

I am happy then,  
For I know that on the morrow  
I may climb again.

TRUE LIFE.

LIFE would be symphony

Forever new,  
If each his melody  
Sang clear and true.

Life would be symmetry,  
If each one wrought

Out hi divinity

Just as he ought.

Life would be harmony

With the Divine,

If in true sympathy

All hearts would join.

FAITH knows the light will come  
again After the dark;

Hope sees the glow of dawn, and then  
Sings with the lark.

The hero meets the dark unknown  
With ringing cheer,  
And dares life’s upward march alone,  
Heart free from fear.

When life’s last work is nobly done,  
He calmly stands  
To view the fields of triumph won;  
And in his hands

He waves hope’s banner toward the  
sky, And, cheering still,  
Smiles bravely, as he says “Good-  
bye,” There on the hill.

Undaunted by life’s mystic change,  
Serene he waits

For life of greater power and range  
Beyond the gates;

With hope of higher, grander view  
After the night,

And vision of new work to do  
In morning light.

INFINITY.

THERE is more beauty in a tree or  
flower

Than human eye may ever hope to see,  
There is a message in an April show-  
er

Too deep to fully be revealed to me.

There is deep mystery in afterglow,  
In rising sun, in ocean’s mighty roll,  
In shooting star, in changing moon; I  
know

Their mystery in part, but not the whole.

But as each day-I look I always see  
More beauty, and the mysteries grow  
clear;

Soul vision widens, till infinity

Seems but an endless growth begin-  
ning here.

I should be glad because to-day I see  
Dimly the glory of the earth and sky;

To-morrow’s highest joy should ever  
be

Seeing new beauty as the days go by.

THE MUSIC AND BEAUTY OF  
THE UNIVERSE.

WHEN with the universe I am in  
tune,

I hear the melody of tree and flower;  
And harmonies of sun, and stars, and  
moon,

Reveal the majesty of unseen power.



For life is music to responsive ears,  
And growth is beauty to the soul's  
strong eye,  
When hope brings vision through pro-  
gressive years,  
And faith paints glory on the earth and  
sky.

So I shall listen to the rhythmic songs  
That through the universe resound for  
me,  
And love the beauty that to me belongs,  
Which with enkindling rapture I may  
see.

#### FIND YOUR OWN ALTAR

EAOH-man an altar has,  
Where he may see  
Clearly the light divine  
To make him free;  
May hear the joyous song  
That stirs hope new;  
May feel the glow of faith  
To make him true;  
May find some sacred spot  
Snprely blest,  
Where a revealing power  
Kindles his best.  
Some lives are filled with peace  
In temples high;  
Some on the open road,  
Under the sky.

Some souls may grow serene Beside  
the sea;  
Some lives enkindle 'neath The  
spreading tree.

#### SPIRIT VISION.

ALoNE on the deck at midnight,  
Far on the summer sea;  
Out of the Witching moonlight  
Floated a dream to me.  
More than a dream—a vision  
Showing what life might be,  
Shone with a glow elysian,  
There on the summer sea.  
Vision of glory splendid,  
Vision of vital power,  
Vision that never ended,  
Came in that epoch hour.  
Heaven is close beside us,  
When from earth's chains we're free;  
Vision is ours to guide us,  
When our soul eyes can see.

#### DUTY.

DUTY is what I owe  
My fellow man;  
What I can do to show

The better plan;  
What I can do to teach  
Men how to climb  
Out of the mists to reach  
The life sublime.  
Duty well done each day  
Brings clearer sight,  
Showing to-morrow's way  
Up to the light.

Duty is joy, when I  
My pathway see  
Lead where my battle cry  
Is liberty.

#### A BIRD SONG AT NIGHT.

1 'HE sun had set behind the hill,  
'Twas afterglow in May:-  
Far in the woods I sat and watched  
The red sky turn to gray.

The light reluctant faded fast,  
Sweet fragrance filled the air,  
While trees and flowers their gratitude  
Expressed in silent prayer.

My heart responsive felt the strange  
Enchantment of the hour,  
When from a distant tree top came  
A song of Witching power.

I cannot write the melody  
That filled my soul with light,  
It was a tone of tenderness,  
A bird song in the night-

It may have pleaded that the glow  
On western sky might stay;  
It may have been a song of faith  
And hope for coming day.

It may have been a strain of love  
To cheer his loyal mate:-  
To me it was an angel's voice

#### THE SONG OF THE BOBOLINK.

. 'TWAs an epoch hour in my boyhood  
life,  
And I felt an enkindling glow,  
When I heard a bobolink's song of love  
In a clover field, long ago,  
As I lay and dreamed on a day in June  
With the universe and my heart in tune.  
On an old dead pine in the field he sat,  
When the clover bloomed white and  
red,  
And the air was laden with sweet per-  
fume,  
And the white clouds sailed o'erhead,  
And all nature whispered of growth and  
love  
On the earth below and the sky above.  
And the bobolink sang a sweet new

song  
To his mate and their babies three,  
In exultant tones, and a clear, strong  
voice,  
As he soared from the old pine tree,  
And he poured out his heart in the over-  
flow  
Of his deep, true love o'er the nest be-  
low.

And I often think of the bobolink,  
And his song, and the tall pine tree,  
And the clover field with its sweet per-  
fume,  
For they still are a part of me.  
And all life is sweeter, because I heard  
The enchanting song of the loving bird.

#### EVENING.

LOVINGLY lingered the fading light,  
Tenderly kissing each tree and flower,  
Whispering softly a fond "good  
night," Promising joy for the morning  
hour.

Silently then in the woodland deep,  
Wistfully watching the opal west,  
Nature prepared for her needed sleep,  
Welcoming gladly the time of rest.

Over me far in the forest glen  
Motherly arms of the hemlocks spread;  
Peace filled my heart, as I listened then,  
Reverently to the prayers they said.

After the prayer came the evensong  
Sung by a thrush on a grand old oak;—  
Thrilled by its melody sweet and  
strong,  
Up in the sky all the tars awoke.

#### LISTEN TO THE Music.

FROM day's refulgent light,  
From singing stars at night,  
From the blue sky above,  
Floats Nature's song of love.

From brightly flashing cloud, From  
peal of thunder loud, From mountain  
and from main, Booms Nature's gr-and  
refrain.

From sacred hemlock shrine, From  
the tall wind-tuned pine, From the deep  
temple-glen Comes Nature's sweet  
Amen.

#### A MEMORY.

I WAS thirteen and she was twelve.  
In blooming May  
I walked a blessed mile with her  
From school one day.

Out from the village street we went,  
Near the old mill,



Along the road and past the church  
Beyond the hill.

We spoke of beauty that we saw  
On field and sky;

She loved the trees, the flowers, the  
clouds,

And so did I—

We reached the parting of our ways,  
And said “good bye,”

When wistful tenderness I saw  
Light up her eye.

We silent stood, until I said,  
“May I come, too?”

She blushed, then smiled and coyly  
said, “I’d like it—do!”

Some of the-sweetest flowers of life  
That still remain

First started in my heart to grow  
In that green lane.

’ MY RIVER.

CLEAR was the spring in the pasture  
field

Close to the foot of the tall elm tree,  
Source of my river a half yard wide;

Wonderful river it was to me.

Far to the heart of the woods it ran;  
Often I followed it there alone,

Daring to go with a throbbing heart  
Into the depths of the great unknown.

Barefoot and hatless I worked all day  
Changing its course with my wooden  
spade;

Building a bridge, or a water wheel;

Sailing my ships on the lakes I made.

Mine were great visions of power to  
plan;

Mine were the joys of achievement, too;

Mine were the glories of earth and  
sky;

Mine was a wonderful world all new.

Back to the farm as a man I went,  
River and spring and tall elm had  
gone; But all they started to grow in me,

Vision and power and joy, live on.

GROWTH THROUGH BEAUTY.

ALL that charmed my early child-  
hood

In the flower, the sky, the tree,

All that in the mystic wildwood

Stirred responsive thrill in me;

Kindles now high inspiration;

Gives me vision clear and new;

Life reveals in close relation;

Makes all trueness seem more true.

Joy that once was admiration

For the beauty that I saw,

Now uplifts to consecration

Under universal law.

Nature now brings revelation

To my soul of life Divine,

And the heart of all creation

Beats in harmony with mine.

THE HIGHEST LOVE OF NA-  
TURE.

I Love the ocean with rolling tide,

And its sister wind so free;

I love the river that grows more wide

As it flows to greet the sea.

I love the mountain that lifts its crest

In its majesty so high,

But what I love above all the rest

Is the glow of sunset sky.

For sky and cloud send a spirit dream

That uplifts this soul of mine,

And brings a light of supernal gleam

That reveals the life Divine.

LIFE’S PHILOSOPHY.

I SHALL keep true touch with the  
universe,

And the vital light of the fire divine

Will direct my life with a vision  
clear,

And achieving power will be surely  
mine.

I shall climb the heights where true  
progress leads;

I shall learn the secret of Nature’s laws;

I shall teach new truths that will upward

guide,

I shall work for justice and freedom’s  
cause.

I shall sing no song of despair or  
grief;

For my failures past I shall weep no  
tears;

I shall garner courage, and faith, and  
love,

To give hope and strength in the coming  
years.

I shall search the lives of my fellow-  
men

For the good, the noble, the true alone;

For the things I see in their lives I  
know

Will re-act on me and transform my  
own.

I shall turn my face to the sun all day  
Till he sets at eve in the golden west;

And the work of life will give growth  
and joy,

And the afterglow will bring peaceful  
rest.

SIT IN MY HEART’S HEARTH-  
GLOW.

To my deepest heart as the years have  
passed

I have taken friends whom I found most  
true;

I have kept them there, and you’ll al-  
ways find

That a special place is reserved for you.

The inspiring days that I spent with  
you

In the bygone years I shall ne’er forget,  
For the seeds you planted in me have  
grown,

And the chords you touched are re-  
sounding yet.

And my hope is stronger, when days  
are dark,

And my vision clearer, and faith more  
true;

And my aim is higher, and joy more  
deep,

And my whole life sweeter because of  
you.

So I long for you at this Christmas  
time;—

Let us sit awhile in my heart’s hearth-  
glow,

And I’ll hold your hand till I feel the  
thrill

Of those golden hours of the long ago.

Let us tell the tales that no others  
know, They’re the truest tales that were  
ever told; Let us dream the dreams that  
we used to dream;

Let us pledge again as in days of old.

VISION.

To see is greater than to know,

So I shall pray

That I may see a clearer glow

Of truth each day.

Though I know all that man has  
known,

Blind I may be;

There is some glory I alone

Have power to see.

My vision, I must surely see,

Or fail to do

My work to make the future be

More grandly true.

Faith should be ever turned to sight,

So I shall try

To find new stars to give fresh light



On Life's wide ky.

EPOCH MILESTONES.

IT's a long way back to childhood,  
But I often go alone

In my dreams to feel the glory  
Of great days that I have known;

For my life is rich in epochs,  
WWhen I felt new kindling power;

When I knew the thrill exultant  
Of a vision-giving hour;

When some vital soul triumphant  
Opened windows in my breast, And  
new light shone in to guide me

Upward to the glowing crest.

In the past I see no shadows,  
But life's beacon lights instead;  
So I count my epoch milestones,  
Not the tombstones of the dead.

TO CAROL.

So I am a grandfather! Granddaugh-  
ter mine,

How grateful I am to the Father Divine

For sending a charming young lady  
like you

To stir my old heart with' an ecstasy  
new.

Now are you the sweetest that ever  
was known?

Or do all the grandfathers worship their  
own?

I hope that the others by love may be  
blest,

But know that my own little girl is the  
best.

We welcome you, dear, as you stand  
at life's gates,

To start for the dreamland where des-  
tiny waits.

Fear not! As you go we will walk by  
your side,

And through the dim future our love-  
light will guide.

A TRULY RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

A LITTLE fair-haired four-year-old  
Sat in the woods one day in June;

She watched the waking ferns unfold;  
She listened to the robin's tune.

She heard the buzzing of the bees;  
She whispered to the smiling flowers;  
She learned the wind song in the trees;  
So passed the happy morning hours.

She came at length out from the  
wood,

And, looking past the cloud o'erhead,  
Serenely sure that life is good,

"Oh, thank you, God," she sweetly said.  
LIFE'S RICHEST MOMENT.

WHEN we have struggled upward,  
And stand at last

On the high, sun-kissed hill crest To  
view the past;

Counting the epoch triumphs  
Of duty done,

Grateful for faith and courage  
By which we won;

Deep is the joy that thrills us  
There on the crest:—

Surely of Life's rich moments  
This is the best!

No! the transcendent glory  
Of each new height

Comes, when our eyes look upward  
Through clearer light,

Up to the higher hill crest  
Where we may stand;—

Yonder the air is purer,  
The view more grand.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

To the glory of the sky

My eyes were blind;

In my heart I sought in vain

Hope's star to find.

From my spirit shadows dark  
Shut out the light,

Till I met a Winsome child,  
Happy and bright.

Merrily she spoke, and smiled

Sweetly at me; Then I smiled, and  
soon my heart From clouds was free.

MAY.

FAR from this tree-crowned hill top  
Visions of growth I see;

Green blades of hope on wheat field!  
Green leaves of joy on tree!

Glory of bloom-full orchards!

Life bursting forth anew!

Music of wind and song bird!

Sunshine on lake so blue!

Deep in my heart the glory

Lights up my truest life,

Driving away the shadows,

Healing the scars of strife.

Starting in Life's great garden,

Bloom of the sweetest flowers;

Sowing in Life's wide wheatfields

Seeds of my highest powers.

JUNE.

WAVING fields of growing corn,

Sweet white blossoms on the thorn,

Briar roses on the hill,

Violets below the mill,  
Meadow-sweet beside the stream,  
Dark-eyed coneflowers' yellow gleam,  
Fern fronds filling all the glen,  
Matchless blue on sky again,  
Forests rich in stately trees,  
Clover perfume on the breeze,  
Bird songs floating in the air,  
Beauty, glory ev'rywhere;—  
Earth and sky in joy combine  
And their best is truly mine,  
If I keep my heart in tune  
With the universe in June.

7

MUSINGS.

NOT what I get decides my worth,  
But what I freely, wisely give:—

It matters little how I die,  
It counts, if I sublimely live.

Not what I think decides my growth,  
But what for right I bravely do;

If I achieve my best to-day,  
I rise to higher power and view.

I cannot do my special work  
By following another's plan;

When I achieve my vision, then  
I do my best for God and man.

So, if each day I truly do  
The duty that I clearly see,  
To-morrow never fails to bring  
New vision of my work to me.

AFTER THE RAIN.

SPRING flowers grow fair and  
sweet'

After the rain;

Life growth is rich and true  
After its pain. '

After our sorrows pass  
Love heals the scars;

Over life's darkest night  
Shine Hope's bright stars.

Sad days we soon forget,  
When they are gone;

But joyous memories  
Live ever on.

KEEP SMILING. IN living over  
life's best days The day comes back  
again, When first we met, and in my  
heart You smile, as you did then.

And still I smile a sweeter smile  
Because you smiled, and so

Your smile is passed to other hearts  
To give them brighter glow.

Keep smiling, for your happy smiles  
In other lives shine on,



To bring them in their darkest hours  
The glory of Hope's dawn.

#### THE TRUEST THINGS.

A vAULT of stars, a silver moon,  
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,  
A white cloud sailing high in June,  
Gave vision new and spirit free.

A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,  
A bird-song in the apple tree,  
A martial drum-beat in the night,  
Stirred deep, new springs of power in  
nle.

A sacred paeon in the pine,  
-A rainbow resting on the hill,  
The afterglow at day's decline,  
Enkindled life with vital thrill.

#### MY WEALTH.

I HAvE a garden in my heart  
With flowers of beauty rare;—  
Fond memories of dearest friends,  
And you are blooming there.  
I have fine pictures in my heart  
Of those I found most true,  
And often, when I am alone,  
I sit and look at you.

I have sweet music in my heart  
Of rich and varied tone;  
In life's great choir of voices, I  
Can always hear your own.

#### UNDER THE BITTERSWEET.

HEART full, I long for you here to-  
night;  
Bittersweet berries are on the vine,  
Red as they were in the sunset light,  
When you first kindled my light Divine.  
Comrade! I wonder if you can know  
How you transformed me by vision  
new, Waking, inspiring me long ago,  
When you revealed to me wider  
view.

Visions of growth and achievement  
grand, Triumph exultant before un-  
known,

Shone in my soul as I held your hand,  
Conscious of power that was mine  
alone.

Mine to be used for my fellow man,  
Breaking old bonds that he might be  
free,

Guiding him light-ward to see  
Hope's plan, Aiding him ever more true  
to be.

Out of my eyes comes joy's over-  
flow,  
But through the tear mist I clearly see

Bright o'er the future Faith's golden  
glow,

Born on that epoch of life in me.

#### WHAT SHALL I SING TO YOU?

SING as the bobolink sang of Joy  
In his sweet and merry tune,  
Cheering my heart with his song of  
praise

For the clover fields in June.

Sing as the thrush to his mate sang  
Love in the mystic afterglow,  
Deep in the glen, till my soul was  
filled With the bliss the angels know.

Sing as my mother of Hope and  
Faith,

And of Courage, Freedom, Truth;  
Sing as she sang, till I feel once more  
The inspiring thrill of youth.

#### WONDERING.

WONDERING how the sun rose  
To make the day;  
Wondering where at sunset  
He went away.

Wondering why the Winter  
Brought ice and snow; '

Wondering how the Springtime  
Made all things grow.

Wondering why the Summer  
Had long, hot days;

Wondering at the Autumn  
With golden haze.

Wondering where the maples  
Got colors gay; Wondering why the  
wind blew The leaves away.

Wondering at the lightning  
On rolling cloud;

Wondering at the crashing  
Of thunder loud.

Wondering why the stars were  
So clear and bright;

Wondering why the moon changed  
Her form at night.

Wondering why the hills were  
So grandly high;

Wondering why the clouds sailed  
Across the sky.

Wondering at the beauty  
Of tree and flower;

Wondering at the marvels  
Of Nature's power.

Wondering at the honor  
God gave to man;

VVonderiug till my wonder  
Revealed God's plan.

#### WHY FAIL?

YOU think you have failed, and you  
lie

Disheartened, and fearing to fight;

Why let a few clouds on your sky  
Prevent you from seeing the light?

You look for dark omens alone,  
Forgetting bright days that have gone;  
Around you shines joy, but you  
moan,

And fear to rise up and go on.

The weak ones alone lie and wait  
For others to help when they're  
down; And only the foolish blame fate  
When fortune continues to frown.

'Tis only the faithless can fail,  
And only the hopeless can fear;

Meet life with your face to the gale.  
Go down, if you must, with a cheer.

Your plans have miscarried, I know;  
Have faith! Up and at it again!

The struggle will make your heart  
glow  
And win you the trust of true men. '

Life's gates are still open to you;  
Look upward with brave heart and  
climb.

The future is yours. Dare and do,  
And make life a triumph sublime.

#### FROM DAWN TO DARK.

I LovE the vital glow of dawn  
And song of lark;

When light's triumphant majesty  
Shines out the dark;

When softly out of grateful hearts  
Each flower and tree,

Of joy and peace, and greater growth  
Whispers to me.

I love the happy, busy hours  
Throughout the day;

When in the sunlight men may work,  
And children play;

When by achievement of his plans  
Man learns to see

New visions of a higher life,  
And thus grow free.

I love the sunset, when the light  
Paints its good-bye

In colors of exultant hope  
Across the sky

So grandly, that all nature turns  
To see the west,

And life in all its varied forms  
Prepares to rest.

#### TREASURE SHIPS.

I HAvE a river in my heart

That flows to life's great sea,  
 And on its breast sail treasure ships  
 My friends have given me.  
 Each ship has treasures of its own,  
 Richer than wealth untold;  
 Rare rubies of the truest love;  
 Friendships of purest gold.  
 Your ship rides proudly in the van,  
 Her white sails spreading free;  
 Her cargo—joys of bygone days,  
 And hopes for days to be.  
 KNOWING, GROWING, SEEING.  
 YES! I am thankful for the glow  
 That fills my heart because I know  
 ' So much of what mankind has  
 done:—  
 My heart is full of gratitude,  
 Because I know that life is good,  
 And that, however much I know,  
 Towards higher truth I still may  
 grow.  
 Still deeper gratitude is mine,  
 Because I see the light divine  
 Revealing ever problems new  
 In wider, truer, clearer view.  
 I should rejoice because I know,  
 And more because my power may  
 grow, But highest joy should come to  
 me,  
 For what is yet to know and see.  
 VIOLETS.  
 BEAUTIFUL Violets!  
 In boyhood's days  
 You were but spots of blue  
 In woodland ways.  
 As the rich years go past,  
 In you I see  
 Beauty unseen before  
 Revealed to me.  
 Test of my growing soul,  
 I come to you,  
 Hoping each year to find  
 A beauty new.  
 Grateful am I to you,  
 For now I know,  
 New vision ever comes  
 To those who grow.  
 YOUTH'S SCATTERED FLOW-  
 ERS.  
 ALONG my path in Youth's great  
 days  
 I scattered many flowers  
 Of joy and hope, I'd gathered fresh  
 In youth's enchanted bowers.  
 I walked along the path, a man;—

My flowers still were there,  
 Withered they were, but from their  
 leaves  
 Sweet fragrance filled the air.  
 I touched them, and their bloom re-  
 turned,  
 And I could clearly see—  
 Dear friends I fondly loved in youth,  
 Come smiling back to me.  
 And often, when the cares of Life  
 Come floating very near,  
 I smell the fragrance of youth's flow-  
 ers,  
 And clouds soon disappear.  
 DREAMING.  
 As I sit beside the ocean  
 In the Indian Summer days,  
 Looking back to years behind me  
 Through October's misty haze;  
 Catching glimpses of the wonders  
 That set all my life aglow —  
 With the thrill of higher vision  
 In the days so long ago;  
 As some great revealing moment  
 Of the past comes shining through,  
 When I saw from higher hill crest  
 Wider, clearer, grander view;  
 I can hear the rhythmic music  
 Of the universe again,  
 And my glowing soul responsive  
 Turns to you with gladness then.  
 REAL RICHES.  
 I HAVE mountain peaks that stand up  
 grandly high,  
 I have sunsets full of glory on the sky,  
 I have beaches washed by ocean's  
 rolling tide,  
 I hate avenues along the river's side,  
 I have wildwoods filled with rarest  
 ferns and flowers,  
 I have song birds singing sweetly in  
 the bowers,  
 I have apple blossoms smiling on my  
 trees,  
 I have clover fields of sweetness for  
 my bees,  
 I have hawthorn trees that love me in  
 the glen,  
 I have hemlocks that still call "Come  
 back again,"  
 I have pathways where I wander free  
 from care,  
 I am just a happy, hopeful million-  
 aire.  
 THE KINDLING POWER OF

LOVE.  
 BEAUTY of leaf on the waving  
 trees!  
 Beauty of bloom on the sweet spring  
 flowers! Tell me, in music of balmy  
 breeze,  
 Whence comes the glory of wood-  
 land bowers?  
 " Deep in our hearts all our beauty  
 lay," Answered the trees and the flow-  
 ers to me,  
 " Till it awoke at the call of May; Till  
 by the spirit of life set free."  
 Beautiful thoughts in our hearts lie,  
 too,  
 Waiting the message of love, and then  
 Beauty of life in our souls grows true,  
 Blooming in deeds for our fellow men.  
 TO THE NIGHT HAWK.  
 WEIRD spirit of the twilight  
 Soaring so high,  
 ' ' There is no sound of sweetness  
 In your wild cry.  
 Yet in your witching message  
 I hear a tone  
 That brings the heart of Nature  
 Close to my own.  
 I heard your loud call, standing  
 By mother's knee,  
 Pierce through the low, sweet music  
 She sang to me.  
 I heard your note in boyhood  
 Above the trees;  
 When life began revealing  
 Its mysteries.  
 I heard you in the gloaming  
 That night in June,—  
 When first my heart was kindled  
 By love's sweet tune.—  
 So vision follows vision  
 In dreams sublime,  
 When to your cry I listen  
 At eventime.  
 A HAPPY-MAN.  
 I WENT to the home of my boyhood  
 After long years away.  
 'Twas June, and the sun resplendent  
 Lighted earth's best that day.  
 I climbed o'er the fence by the road-  
 side  
 Calling a message gay,  
 A greeting of joy to the farmer  
 Turning the scented hay.  
 We tenderly spoke of our school  
 days,



Told their great stories o'er,  
 Recalling the lives of the dear ones  
 Gone to return no more.  
 And proudly related the progress  
 Made by the friends we knew;  
 Recounting their work for their fel-  
 lows,  
 Helping to make men true.  
 In parting I earnestly pleaded  
 That he would come to me  
 Some time, in the wonderful city,  
 Man's mighty works to see.  
 "Oh, no!" he replied, "I shall never  
 Leave the old farm again;  
 I love Nature's beauty and glory  
 More than the works of men.  
 "The trees tell me stories more hope-  
 ful Far, than the city knows;  
 The birds sing for me, and the flow-  
 ers Depths of God's love disclose."  
**FREEDOM TO GROW.**  
 Two springs were neighbors under-  
 ground,  
 They both agreed to rise  
 To see the wonders of the earth,  
 And glories of the skies.  
 One wakened in a rocky glen,  
 And flowed through shady bowers,  
 Until it reached the meadows, where  
 It met the smiling flowers.  
 It freely rushed in merry glee  
 Between the woodland hills,  
 And sang triumphant songs, because  
 It turned a hundred mills.  
 The other no free outlet found,  
 And so a marsh it made,  
 Destroying life it might have helped  
 In meadow and in glade.  
 When special power in each child's  
 life  
 Flows freely in its might,  
 It blesses him, and helps mankind  
 To see diviner light.  
 But, when adulthood blights its pow-  
 er  
 By checking its outflow,  
 It turns to evil, and becomes  
 A marsh of gloom and woe.  
**IVHY** should I evil fear?  
 God is not dead;  
 His message still I hear—  
 "Fear not," He said.  
 Evil is sure to fail  
 When matched with right;  
 Darkness cannot prevail

Against the light.  
 Shunning the men who sin,  
 Fearing the wrong,  
 Ne'er did a triumph win,  
 Ne'er made you strong.  
 All evil you may shun,  
 And yet at last  
 Stand with no chaplet won  
 When life is past.  
**FOUNTAINS or JOY.**  
 WHEN shadows flit across my sky  
 And life seems dark and drear,  
 I turn to youth's enchanted days And  
 fill my heart with cheer.  
 I listen to the merry bells  
 In Winter time again;  
 I gather flowers in the Spring  
 In field, and grove, and glen.  
 I smell the purple clover fields  
 In Summer's golden days;  
 I go to apple-paring bees  
 Through Indian Summer haze.  
**TO THE TRENT.**  
 LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,  
 Smiling, singing, do you know  
 Why you set my heart a-quiver?  
 Why you give me thrilling glow?  
 Why since first your charms enthralled  
 me,  
 Life has known a rapture new?  
 Why your magic ever called me  
 Through the years to come to you?  
 I can see your wavelets gleaming,  
 As the sunshine lit each crest,  
 While I sit here fondly dreaming  
 Of the hour supremely blest,  
 When I learned life's sweetest story  
 On that happy day in June,  
 When my heart with rhythmic glory  
 First beat time to love's sweet tune.  
 Briar roses, lilies yellow,  
 On your banks in beauty grew;  
 Thrushes sang their music mellow  
 O'er your waters clear and blue,  
 When I saw life's grandest vision In  
 my darling's love-lit eye, , And a won-  
 drous light elysian  
 Shone on river, earth and sky.  
 Do you wonder, smiling river,  
 That I came with heart a-glow,  
 Grateful to the loving Giver  
 For the light of long ago?  
 Light whose glory leaves me never,  
 On the land or on the sea,  
 Whose revealing power ever

Makes life beautiful to me.  
**JOYOUS AWAKENING.**  
 From the clear sky the sun  
 Calls to the flowers;—  
 Wake up and bloom, each one;  
 April' warm showers  
 Watered your roots, and May  
 Waits your return to-day.  
 Fondly the balmy breeze  
 Whispers to you,  
 And your old friends, the trees,  
 In dresses new,  
 Long for your faces bright  
 To fill their hearts with light.  
 White thorn, and sweet wild plum  
 Are waking too,  
 Hoping that you will come  
 Your part to do;—  
 Song sparrows loudly sing:  
 "Unfold your blooms, 'tis Spring."  
 Answered the wild flowers then:  
 "Gladly we bring  
 Beauty——our best——again;  
 Let joy-bells ring  
 In human hearts to-day  
 To welcome smiling May."  
**FATHER.**  
 HE was a boy in spirit, and he loved  
 The song bird's \_ music, and the hum of  
 bees,  
 The glowing sunset and the twinkling  
 stars,  
 The woodland path, the flowers, and  
 the trees.  
 I thank him for his chumship with his  
 boy,  
 For kindling comradeship in early days,  
 When Nature's mysteries were new  
 to me,  
 And he revealed the wonders of her  
 ways.  
 I thank him for his faith in me. His  
 trust  
 Gave inspiration, and awakened me  
 To consciousness of power, and vi-  
 sion clear  
 Of greater, nobler things to do and be.  
 He was my partner, and with youthful  
 heart  
 He reverently worked along with me  
 To carry out my latest plans—not his.  
 In my own life he justly left me free.  
 He did not shackle me with narrow  
 creeds,  
 Nor bind the past around my growing



soul;

He trained me to look up, and ever  
strive  
With all my power to reach a higher  
goal.

MOTHER.

IT means but little just to say  
That "she is dead." Her sun has set,  
But over all the vaulted sky  
Her stars of love are shining yet.

I see her in each blooming flower,  
She walks with me beside the sea,  
I hear her in the pine tree's song,  
She whispers in the breeze to me.

I shall not mourn because she died,  
No thought of her should make me  
sad, I shall rejoice because she lived

To make my life more true and glad.  
Deep in my heart I feel the glow  
Of love she kindled, and the sun

Will shine more brightly through the  
years

Because her work was nobly done.

LIGHT AND FREEDOM.

WHY did that tree with crooked  
trunk

Bend to the right,

And then grow upward straight and  
tall?

It sought the light.

It grew beneath another tree,  
And had to bend the sky to see.

Why do the trees in forests grow  
So grand and high,

Raising each year their lofty tops  
Nearer the sky?

Because it is so dark below

To see the sky they have to grow.

Why do the branches of the trees  
Grow strong and wide

Over the field, and short upon  
The other side?

The branches next the field are free,  
And so they grow in majesty.

Why has a tree such graceful form  
When it has grown,  
If in the centre of a field  
It stands alone?

Because on every side 'twas free  
To grow in perfect symmetry.

LIFE'S SWEETEST MUSIC.

MY life has been thrilled by music  
A thousand times;

By organ with sacred anthem;

By pealing chimes;

By bands whose heart-stirring mes-  
sage

My spirit fired;

By singers whose mellow voices  
Great thoughts inspired;

By chorus of storm and thunder  
And raging sea;

By dream songs of fancied glories  
In days to be;

By wind songs among the branches  
Of tall pine trees;

By bird songs borne sweetly to me  
On summer breeze;

But sweeter than these is laughter,  
V When children play,  
And shout with their hearts o'erflowing  
With joy in May.

I'M JUST A SUNNY OPTIMIST.

PM just a sunny optimist,  
Who never borrows sorrow;

I store the sunshine of to-day  
To light the dark to-morrow.

When shadows come and men are  
sad,

I know I should be jolly

To cheer them up, and drive away  
The mists of melancholy.

Defeat should rouse me to decide  
To keep on bravely trying;

True vision of achieving faith  
Develops hope undying.

So never join the men of gloom  
Whose hearts are full of fearing;

Hold up your head and climb the  
heights

With joyous song and cheering.

DAY DREAMS.

DREAM of great days gone by;

Dream of deeds bravely done;

Dream of true, noble lives;

Dream of grand triumphs won;

Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream of great days to come;

Dream of new heights to climb;

Dream of achieving faith;

Dream of a life sublime;

Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream of the river path;

Dream of the tree and flower;

Dream of the afterglow;

Dream beauty into power;

Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream, till your heart grows strong;

Dream, till you feel hope's thrill;

Dream, till clear vision comes; Dream

beauty into will;

Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream, but do more than dream;  
Dream, till you truth believe; Dream, till  
you plan life's work; Dream, and your  
dreams achieve.

Dream on! Make day dreams true.  
UPWARD.

WILL you climb life's mountain with  
me, my friend? 'Tis a long and a testing  
climb;

' But we grow by climbing, and  
growth means life,

'When our lives with the right keep  
time.

We will gain new power on our up-  
ward path,

As we struggle to reach the height,

When the mists roll back and we see  
all things

In a stronger and brighter light.

We will see more clearly our fellow  
men

Who are weak and who need our aid,

Who have slipped and fallen, and  
must be roused

By the faith of the undismayed.

And our hearts will glow, when they  
rie and look

At the heights with fresh hope again,

And begin to climb with a firmer  
step,

And the swing of achieving men.

I am glad you'll come, for I surely  
know

I'll be stronger if you are near;

In the long dark nights and the fierce  
wild storms

I shall need you my heart to cheer.

TO A BROWNING POEM.

I READ you many times before,  
And thought you clear and true;

To-day I read your lines once more  
And found a message new.

Why did you not reveal to me

That message long ago?

"Because you had not power to see;  
You had to wait and grow.

"Live out the message of to-day,  
And when you read again,

Your vision will have stronger ray  
For higher message then."

NORA'S MAGIC.

THERE are witches spreading glory  
on the trees;



There are fairies bearing beauty to the flowers;  
 And the music that is borne upon the breeze  
 Is the sweetest ever heard in woodland bowers.

I alone can see the beauty that is new;  
 No one else can hear the music that I hear;  
 For the witches and the fairies are in you,  
 'Tis your magic that has charmed me,  
 Nora dear.

Yes! the bird song was as sweet a year ago,  
 And the change is not in blossom or in tree—  
 Your fond love has lit my heart with brighter glow,  
 And the witches and the fairies are in me.

#### THE AFTERGLOW.

THE sun has set behind the hill,  
 But radiant glory lingers still  
 In red and gold and blue;  
 On ev'ry cloud the afterglow  
 Recalls the happy long ago,  
 Made happier by you.

For, whether skies were bright or gray, \_

Your friendship cheered my upward way,  
 And helped my sun to shine,  
 And when it sets, I surely know  
 I'll see you in the afterglow,  
 And feel your hand in mine.

#### EVENING IN MY GLEN.

HERE in the woods below the mill,  
 Deep in the shady glen,  
 The moss-grown log is waiting still  
 To welcome me again. '

The loving wood thrush to his mate  
 Sings near me on the hill;

While from the sky at heaven's gate  
 I hear the whippoorwill.

The red light shimmers through the trees  
 And glistens on the stream;

The ferns are bowing in the breeze;  
 I sit and fondly dream

Of sixty years ago, when I  
 Last sat beneath this birch

And saw those hemlocks reach the sky

To form my childhood's church.

I smell the fragrance in the air,

Sweet as it used to be,

The flowers I loved are just as fair  
 As when with fancy free

I felt my waking soul respond  
 To Nature's kindling glow,

And in my life new purpose dawned,  
 As faith began to grow.

And in this peaceful twilight hour  
 Old visions come again,

' And with increased enkindling power

They glorify the glen.

I hear the rush of angel wings  
 With messages for me;

And each new message to me brings  
 Bright dreams of days to be.

#### PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM.

"EARTH is a vale of bitter tears;—" g  
 Joys should grow brighter through the years.

"All men to evil are inclined;—" Men grow toward God, when truth they find.

"Men are depraved; to sin they plan;—" In His own image God made man.

"Men are unworthy worms of dust;—" God is my partner; Him I trust.

"Cloud hide the future from my view." Do what the present brings to you.

#### TINY TIM'S TOAST.

"Goo bless us ev'ry one!" Dear Tim,  
 Your words bring hope and cheer

To hopeless hearts and needy homes  
 At Christmas time each year.

"God bless us ev'ry one!" How sweet  
 The message. May it be

The vital thought of love and joy  
 On every Christmas tree.

"God bless us ev'ry one!" aid he;  
 Let us unite with him

And help the world to understand  
 The toast of Tiny Tim.

#### SACRED GROUND.

STAND with uncovered head  
 Under this hemlock tree,

Lightly beneath it tread,  
 Sacred it is to me.

Here first my eyes were filled  
 With Hope's exultant tears,

When I, with rapture thrilled,  
 Saw through the waiting years

Dimly what I might be,

Dimly what I might do,

Helping to make men free,

Helping to make them true.

Here one October day  
 Her heart shone into mine,  
 Clearing the mists away,  
 Letting her love-light shine.

Never was light before  
 So radiant as then,  
 Never till time is o'er  
 Will such light shine again.

#### MY FRIEND.

IF you should fly to the farthest star,  
 I'd find you,

And with the ties of my friendship true

I'd bind you. \_

I'd tell again all the hopeful things  
 I've told you,

And in the arms of eternal faith  
 I'd hold you.

I'd take your hand, and forever stay  
 Beside you,

Through radiant glory of all the spheres

I'd guide you.

#### THE "BAD BOY."

CREATED in God's image  
 Was he. You must be mad To think  
 his nature evil,

And dare to call him "bad."

You see his "badness" only;  
 If you were not so blind

You should have found the goodness  
 Of his young heart and mind.

You dare to brand him "wicked,"  
 You say he is not true,

You judge him by a standard  
 Of life he never knew.

'Tis true that he has wandered  
 Through gateways open wide;—

What have you done to close them,  
 Or cleaner life provide?

The joy of human kinship  
 His heart has never known;  
 No flowers of faithful friendship  
 In his dark soul have grown.

You teach your boy to shun him  
 Because he is so "bad";

Your boy has power to win him,  
 And make his sad heart glad.

He never had the vision  
 Of Nature's kindling power;  
 He never was God's partner  
 In growing one sweet flower.

He never heard the music  
 Of hemlocks on the hill;



The sky of dawn or sunset  
Ne'er gave him vital thrill.

Oh, yes! You taught him morals He  
never understood,

Preached much about his badness,  
But little of his good.

You think he must be punished Be-  
cause he did the wrong; That will not  
wake his goodness, Nor help him to be  
strong.

Be honest, human, Christian;  
Dare not to call him "bad";

He needs love' tender spirit,  
To make him truly glad.

#### LOVING SERVICE.

"A poor man served by thee shall  
make thee rich, A sick man helped by  
thee shall make thee strong."

—Mrs. Browning.

"A poor man served by thee shall  
make thee rich, A sick man helped by  
thee shall make thee strong." These are  
not mysteries nor baseless dreams, They  
are the music of life's grandest song.

They are the fountains of man's spirit  
power,  
They are the essence of the Master's  
plan,

They are the dawn lights of the glory  
in

The temple of the brotherhood of man.

The source of growth in richness and  
in strength

Is loving service for our fellowmen;

For service rendered evermore re-  
turns

In higher vision and in power again.

#### MOUNT CAVELL.

One of the most beautiful of the  
Rocky Mountains, on the Canadian  
Northern Railway, formerly Mount  
Geikie, is called Mount Cavell, in honor  
of Miss Edith Cavell.

THE mountains rise in majesty;  
Their crystal crowns are grandly high;  
The clouds in grateful ecstasy  
Above them on the vaulted sky  
In glory bid the day "good-bye."

And yonder towers Mount Cavell,  
Serenely smiling at the sun;

Proud of the story it shall tell,  
Of faithful service bravely-done,  
Of life ennobled, triumph won.

Throughout the years it shall endure,  
Firm as her faith in truth and right;

The snow upon its crest as pure '  
As was her life. See on its height.

The last red glow of sunset light.  
TO-DAY.

Do not wait until to-morrow,  
Speak kind words to-day;

Lift to-day some load of sorrow,  
Bring joy while you may.

Help to cheer the heavy-hearted  
With new faith to-day;

Show the sun, when clouds have part-  
ed,

Till he sees the way.

If you meet an outcast, greet him  
As a friend to-day;

As a man and brother treat him—  
That was Jesus' way.—

If the guns of evil rattle,  
Draw your sword to-day;

In defence of right give battle,  
Forward to the fray!

You have power—wisely use it;  
Duty done to-day

Gives new vision for to-morrow;  
Dare not to delay.

OH! WHY SHOULD I WEEP?

OH! Why should I weep when the  
world goes wrong?

I go to the woods to see

The flowers and ferns, for they always  
give

A message of hope to me.

Oh! Why should I garner my sorrows  
up?

I go to the shady glen,

And drop all my cares on the river's  
breast.

They never come back again.

Oh! Why should I grieve when mis-  
fortunes come?

I climb to the hilltop high,

And silently look, till my heart is full  
Of joy, at the cloudless sky.

Oh! Why should I worry in life's dark  
hours?

I turn to the stars, and lo!

They whisper a lesson of comfort  
sweet,

And life has a radiant glow.

Oh! Why should my trouble destroy  
my power,

Or rob me of joy? I know

I stand in the centre of light and  
growth,

And duty says, "Work and grow."

#### SOLEMN AUNT MARTHA.

EARTH was to her a "vale of tears,"  
And man was "weak and vile";

She was a "worm" with doubts and  
fears,

Who rarely dared to smile.

She thought she was a Christian,  
though

Her heart was full of gloom,

For life was but a "path of woe  
Th-at led her to the tomb."

To guide all happy children right,  
And fit them for life's woes,

Their joyousness she tried to blight,  
And sinfulness disclose.

Her little niece, just six years old,  
Lay sobbing on her bed,

And to her mother sadly told  
What solemn Auntie said,

About the wicked hearts of men,  
And how God's wrathful might

Would burn the world, and sinners  
then

Would weep in endless night.

"Her Bible's not like mother's. Lo!  
Her Bible makes me sad,"

Said Chester, four year old. "But, oh!  
Don't mother's make you glad?"

#### THE REAL TEST OF SUCCESS.

ALL that the wise have taught; All  
that the great have done;

All that the poets sang;

All that the brave have won;

Leaves me a failure sad,  
Unless I'm truly glad.

Art may reveal great truths;

-Science new laws unfold;

Struggle may bring me fame;

Life give rich store of gold;

Still I'm a failure sad,

Unless I'm truly glad.

#### LIFE'S RIVER.

LET your life be like the river,

Flowing onward to the sea,

Ever wider, ever deeper,

Ever stronger and more free.

Guide life's river past the rapids, And  
the rocks of early youth;

Keep its sources pure and open, Let it  
water roots of truth.

Then 'twill be a mighty river, Bear-  
ing treasures on its breast,

Turning wheels of loving service Till  
it reaches ocean's rest.

#### ANSWERS.

"How can I faith and patience learn?" Vatch the unfolding of a fern.

"How can my heart get free from pain?" Look at a field of waving grain.

"How can I conquer doubt and fear?" Store sunshine when the sky is clear.

"What message should my sorrows bring?" When winter passes, then comes spring.

"Why do you smile when clouds hang low?" When souls are calm the clouds soon go.

"Why do your troubles end so soon?" My life with Nature is in tune.

#### FISHING WITH ANDREW.

'Twas good to fish with him, because

He was a man. He knew the laws  
Of being decent. When he fished  
It seemed as if the fishes wished  
That he might catch them. When he took

The struggling captives from his hook  
He did not hurt them, same as I,  
Nor hang them on his string to die.

He pinched them just behind the head,  
And in a moment they were dead.

He always made it very plain  
That he should cause no needless pain.

He was the cleanest man I knew  
To chum with, for his life was true.

I've sat with him beside the stream  
And listened 'till I seemed to dream,

And wondered how it was that he  
Could know so much. Each bird and tree

Was friend of his; each flower and fern  
Taught lessons which he longed to learn;

Great lessons full of wisdom new  
That made all trueness seem more true.

Now I have always understood  
That Nature in her loving mood

Could teach me lessons, sacred,  
grand; So I could never understand

How self-respecting, honest men  
Can meet in field or forest glen,

And talk of what is low and mean,  
Where glory shines on ev'ry scene;

Where life around them is serene,  
And beautiful, and pure and clean.

Some hear sweet voices in the wood

Proclaiming ever, "God is good";  
Some find the wood a secret place,

Where they set free their nature base.  
In shady nook or quiet dell

With ribald smirk unchaste they tell  
Of scandal foul, or gossip's tale

Of men and women weak and frail,  
While birds are singing in the bowers

Their sweet hosannas to the flowers.

He never lightly spoke of wrong,  
But told of what is true and strong;

He never soiled another's mind  
By idle thought of tainted kind;

He never with a leering smile  
Told tale that would a soul defile.

Oh, no! 'Twas always good to hear  
Him make the voice of Nature clear,

Or tell the best that he had known  
In other lives to help his own.

When he had nothing good to tell  
He silent was. He never fell

Below his high ideal, so  
I liked to chum with him and grow.

I knew that what he did not say  
Of evil in a single day,

Would help me not to go astray  
And make it easier to pray.

Since he is dead I clearly see  
DON'T WAIT TILL HE DIES.

Look ever for the strong and true,  
The tender and the kind,

And in the worst you ever knew  
Some goodness you will find.

Don't wait until your neighbor dies  
Or leaves you, till you show

Your gladness in your shining eyes;  
'Twill do him good to know

That you have found a power or  
charm In him before unknown.

Tell him! To see his-heart grow warm  
Will surely warm your own.

Upon his life deep scars may be,  
Your faith may heal the scars.

Smile him your joy, and he will see  
Upon his sky new stars.

However strong your friend may be,  
You make him stronger still,

If you reveal his power as he  
Is climbing up life's hill.

JOY in service; growth in duty;  
Hope for better days to be;

Earth and sky enriched by beauty—  
' Make life glorious for me.

Heart with blissful rapture glowing  
At the vision I can see;

Mind aroused to higher knowing—  
Make life glorious for me.

Soul with happiness o'erflowing,  
Conscious of true liberty;

Faith serenely, strongly growing  
Make life glorious for me.

#### THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

YES! I stood beside the river, When  
the setting sun was low,

And between the waving tree tops  
I could see the afterglow;

And the river sang the story  
That we told it long ago.

And I asked the rippling river,  
As I stood there all alone,

If it knew no other story?  
It replied in merry tone:—

I tell on the same old story,  
But each lover hears his own.

#### DROP GLADNESS ON YOUR PATH.

DROP gladness on your path  
Where'er you go; 't

It will take root to cheer  
Hearts full of woe.

Plant the sweet flowers of joy  
Where you find tears;

Perfume will rise from them  
Through all the years.

Pressed flowers of happiness  
Stored in the breast,

When sorrow comes, or fear,  
Bring hope and rest.

#### SACRED PLACES.

THE world has many sacred spots  
In glen, or glade, or woodland hill;

By river bank, or ocean shore,  
That live in fond remembrance still.

Made sacred by the loving friends  
Who gave my life a richer tone,

Who stirred my heart to deeper throb,  
Whose thoughts responded to my own.

And often in these sacred spot,  
When sweetest friendships I renew,

In dreams I feel the glowing spell  
Of happy days I spent with you.

#### EVENING BY THE SEA.

SING, Surf! As you roll to the strand;  
Sweet is your song to me;

Sing on of the friends that I love  
Yonder beyond the sea.

Red, opal and gold of the sky  
Glowing on breaking crest;

Tell! Tell of the love they have sent  
Out of the distant West.



WORLD VISION.

WORLD vision ever comes to men  
Who are to vision true; \_  
Who see their duty clear, and then  
Responsive plan and do.

All life is sacredly sublime  
To those who understand;  
To those who strive each day to climb  
To wider view, more grand.

LIFE AND DEATH.

SOME count their lives by days and  
years;

True life is what we do  
To dry the founts of human tears,  
And lead to higher view.

Death is but life at rest awhile  
After the day is o'er,

Awaiting with a tranquil smile  
The morn to work some more.

HOLY DAYS.

EACH day is holy, when we lift  
The shadows, and reveal the light  
To those who struggle in the dark,  
That they may see to climb life's height.

Each day is holy, when we do  
Our duty as it should be done,  
And help to kindle other hearts

By victories that we have won.

THE SUNLIGHT AND MUSIC OF  
LIFE.

PLANT the roots of your soul in the  
sunlight, Where no shadows may come  
and no night, Where the flowers of your  
love may bloom always, And their  
beauty give endless delight.

Tune your heart to harmonious music  
Of awakening life in the Spring,

That the world may be truer and  
sweeter

For the anthems of joy that you sing.

ENCHANTED DREAMS.

THERE are no mountains reaching to  
the skies,  
Nor fairy glensby singing woodland  
streams,

Nor castles on rock cliffs beside the sea,  
So grand as those in youth's enchanted  
dreams.

The golden visions of a summer day,  
When white clouds slowly sail across  
the blue, Are more transforming to a  
waking soul

Than all the knowledge wise men  
ever knew.

"LIFE is a vale of tears." Make it less

teary.

"Life has dark doubts and fears."  
Make it more cheery.

"Man marches to the tomb." Step  
then more lightly;

March not through gloom to doom,  
Smile ever brightly.

Why blame the hand of fate  
For your disaster?

Open hope's waiting gate  
And be life's master.

Why with despondent face  
Go on repining?

Faith will all shadows chase;  
Clouds have a silver lining.

WHY SEARCH FOR MEANNESS?

WHY look for the meanness in oth-  
ers?

'Twill do you but harm, if you get it;

So, when you hear bad of your broth-  
ers,  
Be decent; don't tell it; regret it.

You grow to be like what you gather;  
Don't store for the future the meanness.  
You find in your neighbors, but rather  
Their goodness, their trueness, and  
cleanness.

Share freely your neighbor's rejoic-  
ing,

When efforts are crowned with suc-  
cesses; 'Tis not kindly thinking, but  
voicing

Kind thoughts that your soul truly  
blesses.

Remember life's moments are flying,  
And hopefully do your own duty.

You'll be mean enough without trying,

So store up life's joy and its beauty.

IT may be true that-he is mean

And selfish and unkind,

But some parts of hi soul are clean;

Search closely, you will find  
Pure springs of sweetness you may start  
To flow, and soften his hard heart.

The rock that binds his better life

Touch with your magic wand;

His sores of bitterness and strife

Heal with your loving hand;

Then in his life 'bright flowers' will  
grow,

And in his heart true love will glow.

He should make harmony divine-

His harp strings are unstrung;

He should sing songs of faith sublime

That never have been sung.

Help him to tune his harp again,  
And sing to cheer his fellow men.

His evil springs from misused good,  
Great powers he may possess;  
Help him to use them as he should  
To kindle and to bless;

Then will his darkness turn to light,  
And weakness be transformed to might.

ARE UNSTRUNG. THE VALUE  
OF A FRIEND.

'Tis said, "No man is useless  
While he has a friend";

So I would keep your friendship  
True until the end.

My heart to yours responding  
Kindles to its best;

Your cheerful spirit ever  
Makes me truly 'blest.

While you are with me, Nature  
'Sings her sweet love song;

And while you deem me worthy  
Faith and hope grow strong.

Keep then our heart lights burning,  
As we upward climb,

That each may help the other  
Make his life sublime.

KINDLING POWER.

I CAN transform a barren place  
By planting there

Fine fruits and flowers, producing  
growth  
And beauty rare.

I can enkindle barren lives  
To vital glow

By hopeful word, and kindly deed,  
And they will grow.

I can bring water to the flower  
That droops, and then

It will revive, and with fresh strength  
Will bloom again.

So to dark lives my heart may bring  
Love's cheering light,

And hope's bright star will ever  
shine,

When it is night.

TRUE BEAUTY.

"WHY are all flowers not white, or  
blue, Yellow, or red?

I wish their colors were the same,"  
That it can be;

God beauty makes of unlike things  
In harmony.

LONGINGS.

I WOULD like to stand on the moss-  
grown rock,

Where the rippling streamlet leaped  
singing v down,  
When the new wide world was a fairy  
land,  
And the wreath I wore was a prince's  
crown.

I would like to go for the cows again  
To the pasture field, where the asters  
grow  
Near the deep dark glen, which my  
childhood's fear

Made the giant's home in the long ago.

I would like to carry my dinner pail  
To the old log school, on a bright spring  
day,

For a spelling match, and an old-time  
song,

And a game at noon, as we used to play.

I would like to lie near the tall dead  
pine,

Where I heard a bobolink sing in June,

As I lay and dreamed in the clover  
field,

While my heart kept time with his mer-  
ry tune.

I would like a rose from the river  
path,

Where my boy life ended, and vision  
came;

Just a sweet wild rose like the one I  
pinned

O'er the loving heart that set mine  
aflake.

#### THE HIGHEST CALL TO DUTY.

"THE call to men their souls to save,  
Is loudest spoken from the grave."

Thus spake the preacher. Is it true  
That men their noblest work will do  
Through dread of death? 'Twas never  
so.

Souls kindle best at love's bright glow.

If from your grave you wish to give

A call to help mankind to live

More truly, let life's message be,

I lived \_to make all men more free

From prejudice and error blind,

That blight the soul and dwarf the  
mind.

The clearest call man ever heard,

The call by which his soul is stirred

To duty, comes when he is shown

His highest power—his alone—

And that to use it for the right

Is surest pathway to the light.

THE STAR'OF HOPE.

BLACK clouds shut out the setting  
sun,

The darkness settled into night;—

Faint hearts were fearful in the  
gloom,

That they no more should see the light.

But high above the mountain top

A lone, bright star shone clearly out;

Faith saw in it the hidden sun,

And hearts grew free from dwarfing  
doubt.

There is no night of life so dark

But, o'er the mountain, clear and bright

The star of Hope will ever shine

To guide us onward by its light.

COME TO ME.

WHEN I am sad I need your cheer,

Come to me then;

And, when your smile has dried my  
tear,

I'll sing again.

When I am happy, come to me, My  
joys to share,

And days from care will be as free

As childhood's were.

When I see glory on the sea,

Or sky, or land,

I need you most, for you will see

And understand.

COME IN MY DREAMS.

COME in my dreams, recalling

The long, long past to me;

Tender, and true, and happy,

As you were wont to be.

Come in my dreams, and whisper

Your loving words again,

Under the hemlock arches

In June, as you did then.

Come in my dreams, and show me

On sky and land and sea

Glory unseen, until you

Taught me to clearly see.

Come in my dreams, inspiring

My deepest life anew;

Come in my dreams, and, waking,

I shall dream on of you.

TRUE FAITH.

SOME men imagine faith to be

A substitute for work,

And think God does whate'er they ask

In faith, though they may shirk.

Faith should not make men indolent,

But rouse them to attain

Their vision of their work to-day

That they more power may gain.

True faith inspires us to achieve,

True faith defeat defie,

For if upon life's field we fall,

True faith will make us rise.

Quit ye like men, your duty find,

And do it with your might;

Then faith will grow, and duty be

Revealed in clearer light.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.

TRANSFORMING lines of beauty  
new

The brush of Virtue traces;

The record of each action true

Shines clearly on our faces.

Each countenance might truly show

The Witching charm of beauty,

If hearts were warmed by kindling  
glow

Of love that leads to duty.

STORE LIFE'S BEST.

STORE up the beauty

Of day begun;

Gather the growth shine

Of noonday sun;

Garner sky's glory,

When day is done;

Then count your record

Of Triumphs won.

SMILE ON.

ALTHOUGH the years may bring us  
tears,

The clouds go swiftly by,

Let sorrow go, and gladness glow

In rainbows on your sky.

Still sweetly sing, as in the Spring

The birds sang long ago:—

With lives in tune, 'tis always June;

Smile on, and truly 'grow.

TRUST AND BE GLAD.

GARNER no sorrows up,

Keep joys in store;

Grief, when in gladness lost,

Troubles no more.

Grief is but lack of faith;

Doubting makes sad;

Hope fills the soul with joy;

Trust and be glad.

YOUTH'S HALO.

I HAVe seen the mighty mountains,  
Dick,

Hold high their heads in pride;

I have seen the rushing rivers, Dick,

Sweep down the mountain side;

But I'd rather see the green hills,  
Dick,



That filled our lives with joy;  
 And I long to paddle in the creek  
 I fished in when a boy.  
 I have seen the greatest cities, Dick,  
 And they are truly great;  
 I have seen the lordly castles, Dick,  
 Where nobles live in state;  
 But I'd rather see the village, Dick,  
 Where first our prayers we said;  
 And the cottage where my mother,  
 Dick,  
 First tucked her boy in bed.  
 I have seen superb cathedrals, Dick,  
 Sublime, majestic, grand;  
 I have seen fine seats of learning,  
 Dick,  
 The best in ev'ry land;  
 But I'd like to see again, Dick,  
 Our little chapel shrine;  
 And I'll ne'er forget the school, Dick,  
 Where vision first was mine.

#### MEMORIES.

I REMEMBER the 'bird songs that  
 day, Dick,  
 When we sat in the-glen by the stream,  
 And the freshness and beauty of May,  
 Dick,  
 Filled my soul with a hope-kindling  
 dream.  
 I remember the path by the mill,  
 Dick,  
 Where the briar rose scented the air;  
 And the coneflowers crowning the  
 hill, Dick,  
 Whose golden smiles welcomed us  
 there.

I remember the gaily dressed trees,  
 Dick,  
 In the autumn red, yellow an-d brown,  
 Till the leaves were borne off 'by the  
 breeze, Dick,  
 When the flower roots whispered, "  
 Come down."

I remember that dawn when the sun,  
 Dick,  
 Turned the darkness to life-giving light,  
 As we planned such great deeds to be  
 done, Dick,  
 In achieving the triumph of right.

Yes, the best of my boyhood lives on,  
 Dick,  
 And the bird song, the flower and the  
 tree,

And the glow of awakening dawn,  
 Dick,

Are still bringing new vision to me  
 BOYHOOD'S VISIONS.

I OFTEN sit with you, Dick,  
 Beside the old gray mill,  
 Or climb again the pathway  
 With you to reach the hill.  
 Or in the summer nights, Dick,'  
 We watch the sparkling stream  
 Go rippling in the moonlight,  
 And of the future dream.  
 For long ago 'twas there, Dick,  
 VVe met as boys to plan  
 The work that each would do, Dick,  
 When he became a man.  
 We have not done it all, Dick,  
 Some things need righting yet,  
 But we shall climb still higher  
 Before the sun has set.

And when I count the work, Dick,  
 That you and I have done, And think,  
 with thankful heart, Dick,

Of triumphs we have won,  
 I'm glad we had such visions, Dick,  
 Beside the moonlit strea-m,  
 And that our lives responded  
 To boyhood's glowing dream.

#### EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET memories glow yet, Dick,  
 Of days when we were boys; We nev-  
 er can forget, Dick,

Youth's power enkindling joys. The  
 sorrows of those days are gone, But all  
 the joys of youth glow on.

The love we had for truth, Dick,  
 Bound us with links of gold,  
 And made the buds of youth, Dick,  
 In sweeter flowers unfold.

My life will ever be more true  
 Because of friendship shared with  
 you.

So as the years go by, Dick,  
 In life's enchanted bowers,  
 We'll scatter, you and I, Dick,  
 Seeds of the brightest flowers,  
 To cheer us as we climb life's height,  
 And make our pathway ever bright;

That those behind may see, Dick,  
 Our blooming flowers ahead,  
 And by their perfume be, Dick,  
 Through cloud and darkness led,  
 Until they reach the glowing crest,  
 And find the home of joyous rest.

#### MYSTERIES.

I WONDER why the moonlight,  
 Dick,

Has lost its magic power  
 To thrill us, as in early years,  
 At midnight's witching hour.

I wonder why the 'Springtime, Dick,  
 Can not make flowers grow  
 So beautiful, as those we found  
 In Springtime long ago.

I wonder why the pine trees, Dick,  
 Are not so grand and high,  
 As when we rambled in the woods,  
 And they held up the sky.

I wonder why no music, Dick,  
 Can ever be so sweet,  
 As when we heard the Hampton Band  
 Play on Solina 'Street.

I wonder why no triumph, Dick,  
 Can give me such delight,  
 As when I won the spelling match  
 In Bradley's School that night.

I'm glad we can remember, Dick,  
 The glory long ago,

When Nature, Friendship, Love and  
 Hope

First started Life to glow.

#### THE SENISIBLE PANSY.

A RosE and an oak and apple tree,  
 Who foolishly wished something else  
 to be,

Stood gloomily trying one day to die;—  
 The gardener loved them and asked  
 them why?

The apple tree trembled, and shyly  
 spoke:—

"I'd live if I only could be an oak,  
 And grow till my branches could  
 reach the sky; I cannot, and so I shall  
 droop and die."

The rose said she'd live on and on,  
 if she Could grow such\_ fine fruit as  
 the apple tree; "But I am no use to the  
 world, 'so I

Have fully decided that I shall die."

The oak was ashamed that with all  
 his power He could not grow either fine  
 fruit or flower;

"I know that my trunk is both large  
 and high," Said he, "but I think that I  
 ought to die."

The gardener saw, as he turned away,  
 A pansy still blooming in colors gay;

It said, "I could not be a rose or a  
 tree,

So a good little pansy I try to be."

#### IVHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY is the mystic light

On mountain, sky and sea;

Beauty is the magic spell  
Of river, flower and tree.

Beauty is the radiant mile  
On Nature's winsome face.  
Shining in her majesty,  
Her symmetry and grace.

Beauty is God's message, when  
I see what stirs my heart  
In the glory of His works,  
Or man's revealing art.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

FRIENDS of my youth! I shall not  
mourn

Because we had to part;  
I shall be glad that long ago  
You lighted up my heart.  
Your life touch gave a sweeter tone  
To all the music of my own.

Friends who came only yesterday!  
'Twas long to wait, I know;  
Why weep because we met so late?  
You're here, you're true, and so  
I shall rejoice, and life will be  
Richer 'because you came to me.

HAPPINESS.

IF some friends I trusted have proven  
false  
I can think of those who have still been  
true;  
I have planted seeds that have never  
grown,  
But I think with joy of the flowers that  
grew.

If my heart grows faint, at the fount  
of faith  
I can drink fresh draughts and my  
strength renew;  
If my life grows narrow, my-thought  
may soar

On the wings of hope to a broader view.  
For there are no fetters to bind my  
soul

When the wider vision has set me free;  
And there is no evil without some  
good

Of a larger kind that is close to me.

NO ACT IS TRIFLING.

No act is trifling, if 'tis done  
Sincerely, with a purpose true,  
And if with patient care I plan  
And do the best that I can do.

My simplest plan becomes sublime,  
And links me with the highest, when  
Well done, for thus a partnership

I form with all great leaders then..

Our highest growth does not depend  
On what we do, but how 'tis done;  
By doing truly till the end  
Life's greatest victories are won.

FAITH.

THE noblest hero is the man whose  
faith  
Grows stronger, as the night grows dark  
and drear,  
Who bravely struggles on to overcome,  
Though foes oppose and there is none to  
cheer.

True to his vision and with dauntless  
heart,  
Enthusiastic, though he climbs alone,

Faith leads him upward that he may  
reveal  
Some truth he sees to others yet un-  
known.

The highest happiness the heart can  
know

-Comes when his victory at last is won;  
And, in his triumph, on the mountain  
crest

He stands serenely, when his work is  
done.

Be not distrustful; doubting unbelief  
Ne'er led to high endeavor to achieve;

The men who have transforming  
power are those  
Who in themselves, their cause and God  
believe.

PARTNERSHIP.

I PLANT a seed, a flower blooms; I  
know

That I alone could not have made it  
grow.

And yet I know full well that power di-  
vine

Produced the plant in unity with mine.

God enters into partnership with me;  
No greater thought than this can ever  
be

Revealed to finite mind; all things are  
mine,

If I accept and use the power divine.

God is my silent partner; He will do  
No work of mine, but it is surely true,

That I may trust Him to supply my  
needs. Life's flowers will grow, if I will  
plant the seeds. MY FRIENDS.

MY friends are those who kindled  
me, And set my life aglow

With hope and faith and purpose

high; And started me to grow.

Twin souls of mine, your vital touch  
Stirred all the best in me;

You led me upward toward the light  
And set my spirit free. '

You made me conscious of new pow-  
er

That I had never known,

When gratefully my waking heart  
Responded to your own.

SELF-HOOD.

THE greatest man is he who knows  
He is a thought of God,

Endowed with leadership to climb  
Where man has never trod;

With special gift; with vision clear  
Revealed to him alone

Of work enriching human life,

With thought before unknown;

With power to make new flowers  
bloom

In barren lives, or light

A lamp high up the mountain side  
To make the path more bright.

ACHIEVING.

IT does not give new power to grow  
To learn what men believed;

Men kindle truly, when they know  
The work men have achieved.

The soul its richest growth attains  
When from all bondage freed;

We should not bind it with the chains  
Of prejudice, or creed.

The revelations of past years

Should stimulate, not bind;

No ancient thoughts, no hoary fears,  
Can check the strong, free mind.

The victories mankind has won,

Should point to duties new;

The noble work the past has done,  
Should guide to broader view.

True leaders are the men who dare  
To climb alone, to see

A higher vision in clear air,  
From cloud and darkness free.

CREEDS.

TEACH not the child the ancient  
creeds

Men have believed;

But kindle him by noble deeds  
Men have achieved.

Teach him to love the truth, and  
know

That truth makes free;

Teach him to work that he may grow



New truth to see.

Teach him to think, and bravely stand  
Unchained by creed,

Responsive to Divine command  
Where truth may lead.

Teach him to do his best each day,  
That clearer light

May guide him on his upward way  
To life's grand height.

"The evil that men do lives after  
them,

The good is oft interred with their  
bones."

FAINT-HEARTED, false philoso-  
phy!

Believed by faithless men alone;

God rules the world; triumphant truth  
Makes free, when it is truly known.

The hopeless coward weakly fears

That wrong is stronger than the right,  
That evil can outlast the good,

That darkness can o'ershadow light.

The good lives on, and gains new  
strength

As men to higher outlook rise;

The evil ever fainter grows,  
And in the sunlight droops and dies.

Great deeds record man's upward  
growth;

Kind words re-echo through the years;

High thought enkindles larger  
thought;

Hope trusts the future with no fears.

All progress rests upon the rock  
Of faith that right must surely win;  
For trusting fills our lives with power,  
And doubting is our dwarfing sin.

DOING.

BELIEVE him not who says that  
"men do wrong Because they love  
wrong better than the right";— God  
made man well—with power for higher  
life, With love of work, and longing for  
the light.

Men do the wrong because they do  
not see  
The glory of the good they might  
achieve;

Christ taught mankind "to do His will  
to know  
His doctrine." Men grow 'blind who but  
believe.

Pure joy is never found in doing  
wrong;

'Tis doing brings delight; men love to

do,

Because transforming gives them  
faith and hope,  
And lifts the soul to wider, clearer view.

To do to-day the duty that we see,  
Reveals to-morrow's duty, and supplies  
Achieving power for upward growth;  
and life

Grows sweeter, richer, grander, as we  
rise.

CLIMBING

As I climb life's mountain my heart is  
thrilled By the wider vision that comes  
to me,

And I feel the growth of achieving  
power And the glow of hope, as my soul  
gets free.

As I rise beyond the enshrouding  
mists,

I can see more clearly the Master's plan,  
And the work He meant me to do for  
Him

In revealing truth to my fellowman.

For the path grows straight as I near  
the crest, And my feeble faith is trans-  
formed to sight;

And the-mysteries that were one time  
dark

I can understand in the brighter light.

THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

MAIDEN, what whispers the flower  
to you,

Smiling so sweetly to greet you to-day?

Is it a story of love ever true?

Or of the beauty and growth-joy of  
May?

Does it recall to you great days gone  
by?

Days when your young heart was happy  
and free?

Or is it telling of light on your sky—  
Vision of 'glory in life yet to be?

Lit to its story, and it will unfold  
Soul-kindling message, revealing to you  
Laws in God's universe clearly en-  
rolled;  
Laws that will guide you to heights ever  
new.

SELF FAITH.

"We are but worms, all flesh is  
grass,"

The mournful preacher taught.

'Tis true—compared with God Him-  
self

Mere human power is naught.

But God created us, and gave

Us power to grow, and do

Each day some noble work, and be  
More strong, more wise, more true.

We represent Him, and should feel  
The honor of our trust;

We should be worthy men, and not  
"Unworthy worms of dust."

God's faith in us should give us faith,  
That we may ever be

Prepared to undertake with joy  
Each duty that we see.

He fails who undervalues power  
He has, but dare not use;

More power he cannot gain, and what  
He has, he'll surely lose.

A wormy Christian baely creeps,  
When he should bravely fight

With faith in God and true self faith  
To win for truth and right.

1

PRAYER AND GROWTH.

If I use my power, I may justly ask  
For a higher power; it is vain to pray  
For a deeper insight, unless I strive  
To perform the duty I see to-day.

The Divine Creator makes no mis-  
takes,

I-must use with zeal for a purpose true  
What I now possess, or he'll never give  
Any greater power, any vision new.

God has never promised to do my  
work,

But he gives more wisdom and insight  
still

To reveal my duty, if I respond  
To His guiding spirit, and do His will.

'Twould 'be reckless was-te to give  
me new power.

If I do not try to achieve the plan That  
He has revealed; if I do not prove In the  
work of life that I am a man.

MY HOME LAND.

WHEREsoE'ER my footsteps roam  
Memory goes back to thee, Dear old  
Durham, happy home,

Where my life was pure and free. Na-  
ture in my childhood there

Thrilled my soul with joyous dreams,  
As I rambled without care

Through the glens and by the  
streams.

I can never have again  
Dreams so sweet as I had then.

Mine were stars, and sun, and moon,

Mine the joys of woodland bowers,  
 Mine the Bob-o-link's sweet tune,  
 Mine the beauty of the flowers,  
 Mine the home life fond and true,  
 Mine the friends I ne'er forget,  
 Mine love's music ever new,  
 Ringing in my heart bells yet,  
 I can never be again  
 Half so rich as I was then.

Happy school days of my youth!  
 Days' of growth and vision, when  
 Honor, virtue, faith and truth,

I was taught by noble men! I remem-  
 ber with delight

Youth's enchanting, sacred joys, And  
 I breathe a prayer to-night

For my-school-mates—girls and  
 boys. There can never be again Days so  
 glorious as then.

#### THE REVEALER.

SINCE I saw across Life's ocean  
 The glow of your friendly light,  
 My soul has a clearer vision  
 Of justice, and truth, and right,  
 My faith in mankind is stronger,  
 My pathway has grown more bright,  
 My courage and strength are greater  
 To win in the uphill fight.

There is more sweetness in Spring-  
 time,

More music of birds in June,

There is more hope in the morning,  
 More rest in the peaceful noon,

There are more tars in my heaven,  
 More mystic charm in the moon,

There is, since you sang it for me,  
 More melody in Life's tune.

There is more warmth in the sun-  
 shine, More gold in the sunset, too,

There are more pearls in the rain-  
 drops, More diamonds in the dew,

There are more flowers in the wood-  
 land,

More beauty in mountain view, More  
 glory in sea and river, Since you made  
 the whole world new. **THE SUN WILL  
 SHINE AGAIN.**

WHEN the fading sunset  
 Tells that day is o'er,

No one fears that morning  
 Will return no more.

'So Life's sunny brightness  
 Oft may pass, but then

Hope will light the darkness;  
 Day will come again.

So, if fickle fortune  
 Ever prove unkind,  
 Nobly face the future  
 With a cheerful mind.

Each heart has some shadows,  
 But, if we despond,  
 We are clouding over  
 Happy skies beyond.

Waste no time in weeping  
 There is work to do,  
 Higher duties waiting  
 For the-strong and true.

Earnest, manly effort  
 Drives away despair,  
 Cowards never conquer,  
 Courage chases care.

"The soul of man is a mirror wherein  
 may be seen darkly the image of the  
 mind of God."—Ruslein.

YES, at the dawn how dim!  
 Darkly I see

Through the gray mists to Him  
 Smiling at me.

"You are my child," said He  
 "My soul with yours  
 May be in unity  
 While life endures."

"In unity with me  
 My soul will shine  
 In yours, for yours will be  
 A part of mine."

Conscious of unity  
 Vision grows true,  
 And I can clearly see  
 Life's wider view.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship blooms with fairer  
 flower,

And sweeter perfume through the years  
 To strengthen hope, when dark clouds  
 lower,

And give me joy to dry my tears.  
 True friendship never fails to stand  
 Beside me, when life's thunders roar,  
 To take me kindly by the hand,  
 And calm me till the storm is o'er.

True friendship in the sunny hours,  
 When skies are bright is ever near,  
 To guide me and reveal new powers  
 To make the upward path more clear.

#### ON THE CREST.

FRom the crest of life I can look far  
 down

To my boyhood days, and the distant  
 view Fills my heart with joy, as I live

again

The enchanted years, when the world  
 was new.

And I know, dear friend, as I see the  
 past ' In the golden light of the setting  
 sun That your friendship gave me new  
 strength to climb, That you shared with  
 me in my triumphs won.

#### PRAISE.

PRAISE is a song that kindles hearts,  
 Inspires with hope and faith imparts.  
 Praise others, and your duty do,

That their just praise may come to  
 you.

Stint not your praise for deeds well  
 done, Rejoice when friends have tri-  
 umph won, Earn praise achieving  
 through the years, Be worthy of approv-  
 ing cheers.

#### MYSTERY AND GLORY.

THERE is mystery and glory  
 In young life's untimely end,  
 But We'll understand the story,  
 And our tears and smiles will blend.

For the mystery will leave us,  
 As the sadness disappears;  
 And its pain will cease to grieve us  
 In the sorrow-healing years.

Then the glory and the beauty  
 Of the life that once was ours, IVill  
 guide us to higher duty  
 And to more triumphant powers.

#### MARJORIE'S RECORD.

A GROUP of solemn little girls  
 Mourned for a playmate who  
 Had died, and each her virtues told—  
 How kind she was, how true.

And one in earnest, loving words,  
 So simple and sincere,  
 Said: "It was easy to be good  
 When Marjorie was here."

WHY is your power so strong?  
 To save the weak from wrong;  
 To aid them with your might  
 Gently to climb life's height.

Why is your faith so strong? That you  
 may teach hope's song To men whose  
 hearts are sad, And help to make them  
 glad.

Your power and faith are strong  
 Do they to you belong?

In trust they came to you;—  
 Use them to make men true.

#### THE GREAT REVELATION.

OF infinite creative power



Each man has vision of his own;  
I see its growth in tree or flower,  
You see it in a star or stone.

Each star and stone, each flower and  
tree,

Reveals a new Divinity,  
And guides responsive souls to see  
The glories of infinity.

POWER MEANS DUTY.

FAITH in God's power should teach  
Duty—not trust alone,

God gives some power to each  
And each should use his own.

God has not promised me  
That He my work will do;

He promised power to see  
My work, if I am true.

He promised to renew  
My strength each day, if I

Achieve my present view,  
And on His power rely.

If, as God's partner here,  
I serve my fellowman

With faith in Him sincere,  
He will reveal His plan.

Faith will 'grow weak, if we  
Leave all God's work to Him;

All life will poorer be,  
New vision be more dim.

TOWARD'S THE DIVINE.

How may mankind grow upward  
Towards the Divine?

By doing each his duty;—  
You yours,—I mine.

How may each know his duty  
For the Divine?

By finding each his self-hood;—  
You yours,—I mine.

Each has a special image  
Of the Divine;

Each should reveal his image;—  
You yours,—I mine.

And so mankind grows ever  
Towards the Divine,

If each does his own duty;—  
-You yours,—I mine.

STRENGTH FROM WOUNDS.

INGRATITUDE has poisoned dart,  
And deeply wounded is your heart;

Injustice rankles in your breast,  
And slander robs your life of rest.

Revenge can never ease your pain,  
Malignant hate your soul will stain; For-

give, and soon your heart will glow  
With joy proportioned to your woe.

Your higher nature will evolve,  
If anguish leads you to resolve

From malice ever to refrain,  
And so spare other hearts your pain.

RESPONSIBILITY.

WHY teach responsibility  
For bad alone? Each man should be

Responsible for good that he  
Can do to make the world more free

From evil, and reveal his light  
To make some shadowed spot more

bright.  
Work not because the night is near,

But work to make new light more  
clear.

Each victory that man has won,  
Revealed new duty to be done,

And help him upward towards the  
height To wider view, and clearer light.

DARKNESS.

ALL darkness is merely the absence  
of light,

All darkness is weakness, but sun-  
shine is might; All error is darkness; the

truth and the right Will bring the clear  
day after error's dark night.

Despair is the darkness, when hope  
does not shine; Distrust is the darkness,

till faith-light Divine ' Reveals the  
bright stars on the heavenly sphere,

And gives full assurance that morn-  
ing is near.

JOY AND GRIEF.

YoUTH's joy, self-stored in hopeful  
human hearts,

Forms a bright sun to cheer declining  
years;

Youth's grief a moment is a fleecy  
cloud,

That o'er the sky floats past and disap-  
pears.

Our joys are dynamos of mighty  
power,

Lighting the future with a rosy glow;  
Our griefs are shadows on a summer

day,  
That sweep across the grain and onward

go.

MY PAST LIVES ON IN ME.

I LIvE not in the past,  
The past in me lives on;

Its joys and triumphs last,  
Its sorrows soon are gone.

Enriched by all the best  
The past has brought to me,

I climb to reach life's crest  
With happy heart and free.

MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN  
MAY.

(Tune: Brahms' Cradle Song.)

WHEN the thorn blooms in May  
My heart flies away

Old Ireland to thee

Far over the sea,

And I dream that again

In my home in the glen

The sweet songs I can hear

Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree

My Nora I see

That day long ago

Her love thrilled me so

That birdsongs were new,

And skies were more blue,

And life's great joy was born

Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me

You ever will be

The fairest-and best.

This land of the West

Is a land wide and free

From the sea to the sea,

But a witch-bond in me

Binds me ever to thee.

LAUGH (A Song).

THE earth is beautiful and glad;

Help it to bloom,

When business is very bad,

Help it to boom.

The worst disease men ever had

Is gloom, gloom, gloom.

CHORUS:

Then laugh, laugh, laugh,

Laugh loudest when times are bad;

Remember good times you've had;

Look up, look ahead, be glad;

And laugh, laugh, laugh.

Your laugh does not remain with you,  
It ripples on;

Its music stirs your neighbors, too,  
And bring the dawn

Of hope, and joy, and brighter view,  
When you are gone.

Cnonos:

'So let your merry laugh resound  
By day and night, \_

To make pure happiness abound  
And sad hearts light;

Scatter your laughter seed around  
To make lives bright.

## TOM AND JIM.

Two mothers sat upon the green  
In May;  
Their year-old children sat between  
' At play.  
The mothers started in the shade  
To talk;  
The babies rose, and efforts made  
To walk.  
Both babies fell, as babies will.  
Tom cried.  
Jim tried to rise. He fell, but still  
He tried.  
Tom's mother lifted him, and said  
" Poor, 'dear,  
Sweet tootsey!" dropping on his head  
A tear.  
Jim's mother said: " Good boy!" at  
length,  
When he  
Stood firmly, happy in his strength,  
And free.  
Tom learned to flounder in the dust,  
And cry;  
Jim learned on his own power he  
must  
Rely.

## THE GREATEST KISS.

SoME say " the first," and some " the  
last,"  
And some "the one I cannot get,"  
Each has a special thrilling bliss  
But mine has not been given yet.  
The kiss above all others sweet  
I hope to get when next we meet.

## LAVEROCKDALE

I sAw it first a bare wide waste,  
A grassy slope with fringe of trees, A  
purling burn along its side,  
With sedges waving in the breeze.  
To-day a stately home looks out  
Across a field of smiling flowers;  
The burn sin-gs in a rocky glen  
Through lakes, and waterfalls, and bow-  
ers.

Transformed it is by loving hearts  
Who planned with taste, and wrought  
with care;--

No other garden ever held  
Such flowers; so tall, so sweet, so rare.  
Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivory, Golinton,  
Scotland.

he

## THE PERFECT GARDEN.

Lavero ckdale.

MOST lovely garden in the world!  
I wondered how your flowers grew  
So grandly, till I asked a rose  
Who kindly told me—then I knew.  
Conditions for each flower are found  
Its special needs to suit, and so  
In perfect form, and beauty, each  
May freely, strongly, truly grow.  
So human souls reach highest  
growth,  
When each has found its special power,  
And freely grows till it reveals  
The beauty of life's perfect flower.  
THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.  
UPON the Brig o' Doon I stood,  
And kirk and river, hill and wood  
Spoke loud of Burns, and round me  
there His spirit hovered in the air.  
My life with Nature was in tune,  
For on the Banks O' Bonny Doon  
Pure sylvan beauty lingers still  
Each ardent heart with joy to fill.  
The birds sang love songs in the  
trees,  
And witches floated on the breeze  
Behind Tam's mare, till rushing on  
She passed me tail-less, and was gone  
Enchanted by a magic spell  
The rippling river seemed to tell  
The story that Burns whispered low  
To Mary in the afterglow.  
I saw him in the gloaming hour  
Enraptured with poetic power,  
Aroused by Nature's kindling charms  
Beneath the hawthorn's snowy arms.  
I saw him walk with glowing look  
Along the pathway by the brook,  
When visions came of glory new  
Revealing life in grander view.  
And clearly to my mind was brought  
The meaning of his noble thought  
Of freedom for the human mind,  
True source of Hope for all mankind.  
And from his lips I seemed to hear  
His sacred message true and clear:—  
"Preserve the dignity of man,  
And trust the universal plan."  
THE man is happy who, with soul  
serene  
Amid the rush and din of life, still hears  
The rhythmic melodies of youth, and  
dreams  
Youth's glowing visions on throughout  
the years.

Our youthful dreams may be our

wings by which'

We rise in spirit to God's altar  
heights, And see related life, when  
wider views Enkindle in our souls re-  
vealing lights.

There is no discord in God's orches-  
tra,

When hearts are tuned with His in  
harmony; And we may ever see in His  
clear light

New beauty on the sky, the earth, the  
sea.

LINES IVRITTEN IN A BOY'S AL-  
BUM.

I LOvE God' s stars and flowers and  
trees,

And wheatfields waving in the breeze;

I love His glory on the sky,

When day is whispering good-bye;

I love to hear His wild birds sing

To welcome waking life in Spring;

I love His mountains and his sea,

But best of all His gifts to me

I love a happy-hearted boy

Who helps to fill the world with joy.

## TO MY ONLY SON.

FREEDOM and honor called you,  
Nobly you made reply;

For right and truth and justice

Bravely you went to die.

You chose the life of service,

Chose it yourself alone,

And made the path of duty

To God and man your own.

Killed on the field of battle

Yonder across the sea,

Dear son, I'll ever keep you

Fondly in memory.

Boyhood of loving kinship,

Youth of unfolding might,

Manhood of faithful service,

You made all life more bright.

Comrade, I longed to know you

Till you were old and gray,

That I might watch your progress

Along life's upward way;

That I might keep the record

Of life so well begun,

And share with you the uplift

Of triumphs you had won.

I shall dream on, beloved,

Of deeds you might have done;

Dream as I climb life's hillside

To see the setting sun;,,

Climbing with clearer vision,



And step more light and strong;  
Singing because I knew you  
A sweeter, grander song.

HIS LAST LETTER.

DATED the day before  
My brave son fell,  
Ere the dread cable said,  
“Killed by a shell.”

Surely it must have come  
Straight from his tomb,  
Message of love and light  
To break the gloom.

Written two weeks ago  
“Somewhere” it said;

“Living and working hard,” Now he  
is dead.

Manly his hopeful words  
Full of good cheer;

Tender his thoughts of home,  
Home ever dear.

One note of sadness told  
His heart was sore;

“Baker, my chum, is blind He fights  
no more.”

Message of faith and hope  
Last from my son!

He lies across the sea—  
Life’s work well done.

I

SORROW V AND JOY.

OH, yes! I’m sorry he was killed,  
My brave, my only son;  
But I am glad his life was filled  
With man’s work nobly done.

I’m sad because he died so soon,  
But glad he lived so long,

His heart with purpose high in tune,  
His soul serene and strong.

Regret oft drives its poisoned dart  
Into my breast, but then

I think how well he did his part  
And I rejoice again.

The shadow of his loss I see;  
Sometimes the clouds hang low,

But then his life light shines in me,  
And sets my heart aglow.

I’ll smile, though loving tears may  
fall

As pass the coming years;

He heard and answered duty’s call;—  
Mine are exultant tears.

LIFE’S supremest shock of sadness  
Dims my eyes with loving tears,  
But I know that glowing gladness  
Will be mine throughout the years.

Never shadow came I for sorrow  
From my happy-hearted boy,

So through all the great to-morrow  
Memory will bring me joy:

Joy of honest, manly doing,

Joy of service for his friend,  
Joy of upward path puruing,  
Till he reached life’s noble end.

Hrs UN











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